

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR MARCH, 1815.

CONTENTS.

SELECT REVIEWS.	POETRY.
Memoirs of Algernon Sydney, . . . 177	Hero and Leander, 258
Life and writings of Hugh Blair, D. D.	
&c. 188	DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.
Paradise of Coquettes, 204	Miss Huntley's Poems—Wheaton's Di-
	gest—Spafford on Wheel Carriages
ORIGINAL.	—Proposed Theological publica-
Review of Lewis and Clarke's Travels, 210	tions, &c. 262
Biographical Sketch of Thomas Camp-	
bell, 234	FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.
Notice of Susanna Wright, 250	Todd's Johnson's Dictionary—Blu-
	menbach's Natural History—Exhi-
SPIRIT OF FOREIGN MAGAZINES, &c.	bitions of Pictures at Amsterdam
Singular prediction, 253	and Zurich, 263
Another Zerah Colburn, 257	

Memoirs of Algernon Sydney.—By George Wilson Meadley, with an Appendix, 8vo. pp. xv. 400. price 12s. London, Craddock and Joy, 1813.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

THE name of Algernon Sydney ranks among the most famous of which his country can boast, yet, as Mr. Meadley remarks, 'his personal history has hitherto been little known.' His life was not distinguished either by extraordinary actions or romantic sufferings. In the field he was brave, but he never rose to a rank sufficiently high to lead an army; in the cabinet he was an able negotiator, but he never filled a more elevated situation than that of joint-commissioner to the court of Denmark; in parliament he gained no formidable ascendancy by eloquence or incorruptness; in private life he was the younger son of a nobleman, who espoused the contrary party in politics; and having never been married.

he had no family influence at his command, and only a small, precarious fortune, barely competent to his maintenance. His whole grandeur, and power, and celebrity, therefore, arose out of his personal character, and were sustained by his severe and inflexible republican virtues. Great he might have been in any situation, which afforded room for a superior mind to display itself; but, except in his last hour, he was never in such a situation. During the civil war he was an inferior officer, and had no other opportunity of signalizing himself than by his courage. Afterward he lived many years a voluntary exile in Italy and France, among people whom he despised; and when, in his latter days, he settled at home, that very love of his country, which before caused him to flee from it, made him miserable in it, from an irreconcilable abhorrence of its base and profligate government under Charles II. His end, indeed, was a death glorious to himself, because it was suffered with a magnanimity not to be surpassed, while it was inflicted with shameless and determined injustice. To these circumstances, however, he owes his immortality on earth; and but for these, it is evident that he would have been remembered merely as one of those who acted a part above the vulgar in the iron age of the Stuarts, when royal prerogative and popular innovation had their long and sore, their first and last military struggle in Britain, till, at the revolution of 1688, being happily counterbalanced, both were, we trust, for ever disarmed of their mortal weapons. In all previous civil wars, from those between the Britons, and the Saxons, to those between the Houses of York and Lancaster, there was not one in which the people themselves were otherwise engaged, than as the agents or instruments of princes and nobles; and in the issue they became as much the spoil of the conquerors as the fields which they cultivated. But in the contest between Charles I. and his parliament, and in the sudden insurrection that dispossessed James II. of the throne which he had forfeited, every man that drew a sword, drew it for himself; and every spectator of the strife had a personal feeling in the quarrel, and an individual interest in the event, not waiting with indifference till he fell to the lot of the strongest, but like a rational, independent being, choosing his own master, and submitting to laws made by those whom he had appointed not so much to legislate over him, as to legislate *in his stead*. It was in the early part of this period that Sydney flourished, and in the malignant interval of insecure repose between the Rebellion and the Revolution, that he was murdered by the forms of law. Great, indeed, must have been the weight of his character, and the influence of his example, since poor, uncountenanced by his family, in banishment abroad, and in retirement at home, he was ever an object of great fear and

hatred to a weak and tyrannical court, and his ruin seemed so necessary to its safety, as to be worth accomplishing by means the most foul, the most cowardly and cruel. To this splendid departure, after a clouded career, he owes the preëminence of being one in the Triumvirate of Patriots, whose memories are united in the popular sentiment of "*The cause for which HAMPDEN bled in the field, and RUSSEL and SYDNEY on the scaffold.*" Yet still,

‘ Stat magni nominis umbra ;’

and the volume before us will add nothing to the glory of that mighty name, by detailing the personal history of him who left it behind ; for admirable always, and exemplary often, as the conduct of Sydney appears at this calm distance from the scene which he adorned, we suspect that his character is more exalted, by indistinct association in the minds of most people, than it will in reality seem to merit, when it is better known. In proportion as *the particulars* of the lives of illustrious men are multiplied in their biography, the nearer they are brought down to the ordinary standard, by being seen more frequently in situations in which they *can* act only an ordinary part : on the other hand, men of small note, but of sterling excellence, are exalted by being thus drawn out of obscurity, and suddenly exhibited in the light of their own virtues. We will venture to say, that Colonel Hutchinson’s actions were greater, and his sufferings more severe, than those of Algernon Sydney : whether he was a man of equal qualities we will not here inquire ; yet, till the memoirs written by his incomparable Lady were published, from the narrowness of the sphere in which he moved, he was barely recorded in the nomenclature of republicans. Had not Sydney been canonized by his political martyrdom, we are persuaded his fame would have been nearly as circumscribed as that of Hutchinson was, before the beautiful Spirit of his Lady, after the lapse of a century and a half, rising from the tomb, led him forth for the admiration of posterity.

We shall offer a brief sketch of Sydney’s life, extracted from these memoirs, and accompanied with such reflections as may rise out of the incidents as they occur.

Algernon Sydney was the second son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and grand-nephew of the renowned Sir Philip Sydney. One family has rarely, in two generations, added two such names to the Worthies of their country. Algernon was born in 1622. At the early age of ten, he was taken abroad by his father, and spent much of his youth in Denmark, France, and Italy. His

stern love of country, which in him was rather a Platonic sentiment than a cherished passion, is the more remarkable, as it can scarcely be said to have grown in its native soil. Having been trained under the eye of his father for the army, he accompanied his brother to Ireland at the age of nineteen as captain of a troop of horse, in which service, it is said, he distinguished himself against the rebels with extraordinary zeal and activity. On his return to England, finding the King and the Parliament dividing the nation between them with the sword, each fiercely asserting his right, Sydney, though his father adhered to the royal cause, took part with the insurgents; and being appointed to the command of a troop in the army of the Earl of Manchester, he gallantly exposed himself at the battle of Marston Moor. Being wounded, and falling among the enemy, he was rescued by a soldier who rushed from the ranks of Cromwell's regiment, and having brought him off, nobly refused to make himself known, or to accept any reward, being content with having deserved, and with having declined, the glory of a name in after ages. Sydney, on his recovery, was advanced to a regiment in Sir Thomas Fairfax's army. '*Sanctus amor patriæ dat animum,*' was the motto which he chose for his banner:

—'Manus hæc inimica tyrannis,
'Ense petit placidam sub libertate, quietam,'

was the memorial which he afterwards wrote in the *Album* at Copenhagen, and these were the watchwords of his life:—the sacred love of his country gave energy to his hand, whether he opposed tyrants with the sword or with the pen. We are not disposed to lavish unqualified praise on his principles or his conduct. The character of Sydney must be admired at a distance, and his example must be held up as worthy of imitation only under circumstances in which to imitate it would be deemed High Treason; but High Treason would then be a virtue—a virtue of necessity, as it was at the glorious Revolution of 1688.

When it was determined to bring the King to trial, Sydney was appointed one of the commissioners, and attended several of the previous consultations; but he retired into the country before the unhappy monarch was arraigned. He, however, approved of the sentence; and when, at Copenhagen, after the Revolution, it was observed to him one day, in company, that he had not been guilty of the late King's death, he indignantly replied, '*Guilty!* do you call that *guilt*? Why it was the justest and bravest action that ever was done in England, or anywhere else.' But when, during his exile, a plan to assassinate the Prince of Wales

was submitted to him, he promptly prevented the execution of it, and thus preserved the life of *him* who, afterwards, when he was Charles II., took his own.

Cromwell, under the title of protector, having seized the sovereignty, Sydney, an enemy to tyrants of every name, retired to the Hague, where he became acquainted with De Witt, the celebrated Dutch statesman, in whom he found a kindred spirit. At the restoration of the Long Parliament he returned to England, and accepted an appointment, with two distinguished persons, to mediate a peace between Denmark and Sweden. This gave him an opportunity of displaying his peculiar talents greatly to the honour of his country as well as of himself. Would that there were *now* so spirited, upright, and unyielding a champion of justice to mediate peace between Sweden and Denmark's "better half," (Norway,) recently divorced by the one, and violently wooed by the other! By the time this negotiation was concluded, Charles II. had been restored to the throne of his father, and Sydney, though strongly urged by General Monk to return, not deeming himself safe, retired to Italy. In a letter to a friend, written at the very commencement of Charles's reign, he sagaciously anticipates its evils and its errors.

"But when that country of mine, which used to be esteemed a paradise, is now like to be made a stage of injury; the liberty which we hoped to establish, oppressed; luxury and lewdness set up in its height, instead of the piety, virtue, sobriety, and modesty, which we hoped God, by our hands, would have introduced; the best of our nation made a prey to the worst; the parliament, court, and army, corrupted; the people enslaved; all things vendible; no man safe, but by such evil and infamous means, as flattery and bribery; what joy can I have in my own country in this condition? Is it a pleasure to see that all I love in the world is sold and destroyed? Shall I renounce all my old principles, learn the vile court-arts, and make my peace by bribing some of them? Shall their corruption and vice be my safety? Ah! no; better is a life among strangers, than in my own country upon such conditions. Whilst I live, I will endeavour to preserve my liberty; or, at least, not consent to the destroying of it. I hope I shall die in the same principles in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preserve me." Pp. 77, 78.

We shall not follow the fugitive patriot in his long wanderings, during which he was a curious and interested spectator of the intrigues and contentions of foreign cabinets. The death of Cardinal Mazarine, prime minister of France, in 1661, caused great speculation concerning the person and politics of his successor. Sydney, after mentioning in a letter several who had been talked

of as candidates, thus shrewdly develops the character of the French court.

“ If the king would take one of the *squadron volante*, it were easy to find a man that would be without exception in his person, and perfectly free from any interest prejudicial to that of France. But nothing is more improbable, than that a man known only by reputation, should be chosen for so great a work. I speak in this the fancies of others. I have no other opinion of my own, than that he will be chosen that can find most favour with the ladies, and that can with most dexterity reconcile their interests, and satisfy their passions. I look upon their thoughts as more important than those of the king and all his council; and their humour as of more weight than the most considerable interest of France; and those reasons which here appear to be of most force will not be at all regarded.” P. 113.

In France, there had been, for ages, a law called the Salic Law, by which females are cut off from the inheritance of the throne; yet not only the above quotation, but the whole history of that country proves, that no nation has been more frequently or more flagrantly under female government—and consequently under the caprice of the most worthless and shameless part of the sex.

But while the governments and manners of foreign lands were subjects of amusement or speculation to Sydney in his exile, his heart was secretly bleeding for the degradation of his own country. During this long period, his circumstances were narrow, the supplies of money which he received from his offended father being few and uncertain. Resigning himself patiently to his hard fortune, he sometimes enjoyed a degree of happiness, which his persecutors might have envied. He thus beautifully describes his leisure at Belvedere, where Pope Innocent, for a time, allowed him apartments.

“ Nature, art, and treasure can hardly make a place more pleasant than this. The description of it would look more like poetry than truth. A Spanish lady, coming not long since to see this house, seated on a large plain, out of the middle of a rock, and a river brought to the top of the mountain, with the walks and fountains, ingeniously desired those that were present not to pronounce the name of our Saviour, lest it should dissolve this beautiful enchantment. We have passed the solstice, and I have not yet had occasion to complain of heat, which in Rome is very excessive, and hath filled the town with sickness, especially that part of it where I lived. Here is what I look for, health, quiet, and solitude. I am with some eagerness fallen to reading, and find so much satisfaction in it, that though I every morning see the sun rise, I never go abroad until six or seven of the clock at night; yet cannot I be so sure of my temper, as to know certainly how long this manner of life will please me. I cannot but rejoice a

little to find, that when I wander as a vagabond through the world, forsaken of my friends, and known only to be a broken limb of a shipwrecked faction; I find humanity and civility from those who are in the height of fortune and reputation. But I do also well know, I am in a strange land, how far those civilities do extend, and that they are too airy to feed or clothe a man." P. 129.

The following passage shows a mind rich in its own resources, which finds time most precious when it has the greatest portion of it at his own disposal, and of least value when it is shared with company and tumult. Vulgar minds are the most occupied in a crowd—great minds when they are alone.

"He that is naked, alone, and without help in the open sea, is less unhappy in the night, when he may hope the land is near, than in the day, when he sees it is not, and that there is no possibility of safety. Whilst I was at Rome, I wrote letters without much pain, since I had not so divided my time as to be very sensible of losing an hour or two: now I am alone, time grows much more precious unto me, and I am very unwilling to lose any part of it." P. 130.

Retiring into the north of Europe, he meditated a plan to enter the service of the Emperor of Germany, with a body of troops, which he proposed to raise among his old republican companions at home. For this strange purpose he solicited his father's intercession, to obtain for him an assurance of his being permitted to reside a few months with his family, till he could convey himself, and others who were in the same condition, so far from England, that, to use his own expression, 'those who hate us may give over suspecting us.' The plan was rejected; and being driven to extremity, Sydney, with some of his banished comrades, urged, first the Dutch, and afterwards the French Government, to invade England for the purpose of restoring the Commonwealth. This project also came to nothing, and Sydney was allowed afterwards to live quietly ten years, under the avowed protection of Louis XIV. An anecdote is related of him, strikingly characteristic of his haughty and stubborn independence, at the time when he was enjoying an asylum, and perhaps experiencing the bounty of this self-willed monarch.

"The King of France having taken a fancy to a fine English horse, on which he had seen him mounted at a chace, requested that he would part with it at his own price. On his declining the proposal, the king, determined to take no denial, gave orders to tender him money or to seize the horse. Sydney, on hearing this, instantly took a pistol and shot it, saying, 'that his horse was born a free creature, had served a free man, and should not be mastered by a king of slaves.'" P. 151.

During this period of rest from persecution, it is said he composed his *Discourses concerning Government*, which were not published till after his death, and yet it is understood that they cost him his life; garbled passages from these abstract speculations having been perverted at his trial into substantial treason. From this work, which has been more renowned than read, we shall copy a description of France, under the reign of its most splendid monarch. The picture, drawn by this keen eye-witness, is indeed loathsome and horrible, but, on the whole, it is without doubt a faithful delineation.

“Notwithstanding the present pride of France, the numbers and warlike inclinations of that people, the bravery of the nobility, extent of dominion, convenience of situation, and the vast revenues of their king, his greatest advantages have been gained by the mistaken counsels of England, the valour of our soldiers unhappily sent to serve him, and the strangers of whom the strength of his armies consists: which is so unsteady a support, that many, who are well versed in affairs of this nature, incline to think, he subsists rather by little arts, and corrupting ministers in foreign courts, than by the power of his own armies; and that some reformation in the counsels of his neighbours might prove sufficient to overthrow that greatness, which is grown formidable to Europe; the same misery to which he has reduced his people, rendering them as unable to defend him, upon any change of fortune, as to defend their own rights against him.”

“We have already said enough to obviate the objections that may be drawn from the prosperity of the French monarchy. The beauty of it is false and painted. There is a rich and haughty king, who is blessed with such neighbours as are not likely to disturb him, and has nothing to fear from his miserable subjects. But the whole body of that state is full of boils, and wounds, and putrid sores: there is no real strength in it. The people are so unwilling to serve him, that he is said to have put to death above fourscore thousand of his own soldiers, within the space of fifteen years, for flying from their colours: and, if he were vigorously attacked, little help could be expected from a discontented nobility, or a starving and despairing people.”

“Notwithstanding the seeming prosperity of France, the warlike temper of that people is so worn out by the frauds and cruelties of corrupt officers, that few men enlist themselves willingly to be soldiers; and, when they are engaged or forced, they are so little able to endure the miseries to which they are exposed, that they daily run away from their colours, though they know not whither to go, and expect no mercy if they are taken. The king has in vain attempted to correct this humour, by the severity of martial law. But men’s minds will not be forced; and though his troops are perfectly well armed, clothed, and exercised, they have given many testimonies of little worth.”

“Though I do not delight to speak of the affairs of our own time, I desire those who know the present state of France to tell me whether it were possible for the king to keep that nation under servitude, if a vast revenue did not enable him to gain so many to his particular service, as are sufficient to keep the rest in subjection. And if this be not enough, let them consider, whether all the dangers that now threaten us at home, do not proceed from the madness of those, who gave such a revenue, as is utterly disproportionable to the riches of the nation, unsuitable to the modest behaviour expected from our kings, and which in time will render parliaments unnecessary to them.”

“France, in outward appearance, makes a better show: but nothing in this world is more miserable than that people under the fatherly care of their triumphant monarch. The best of their condition is like asses and mastiff dogs; to work and fight; to be oppressed and killed for him; and those among them who have any understanding, well know that their industry, courage, and good success, is not only unprofitable, but destructive to them; and that, by increasing the power of their master, they add weight to their own chains.” Pp. 216—221.

In 1677, by the court interest of the earl, his father, he obtained permission to visit England for the purpose of arranging his private affairs; but though he avowed his determination to return to France *as soon as he had settled a chancery suit*, this very condition insured him a permanent residence. His father dying soon after his arrival, and having never been cordially reconciled to Algernon's public conduct, bequeathed him legacies to the amount of little more than five thousand pounds, part of which his brother litigated with him, but it was finally decided in his favour. On this slender provision, with some property of no great value, which he had previously enjoyed, independent of his father, Sydney spent the remainder of his days as an exile in his native land, his affections being manifestly alienated from it, and fixed on a Utopia, that existed in the creation of his own mind. He repeatedly attempted, however, to get into parliament, and though his attempts were as repeatedly frustrated by court influence and intrigue, he fearlessly raised his voice in public against those measures of the government which appeared to him most pernicious. Suspected, hated, and feared, as he knew himself to be, there was certainly more intrepidity than prudence in this patriotic forwardness; it was like living on a scaffold, and laying his head on the block, in desperate scorn of the executioner's axe, to try how often he could escape the blow, by lifting it up again. Nor did he shrink from meeting his direst enemy, the king, face to face. On one occasion,

"Understanding that he had been accused to the king, as engaged in a plot of the *non conformists*, he obtained an audience, and clearly exposed the absurdity of the charge; since nothing, he maintained, could be more repugnant to his feelings, than a measure which must eventually unite the papists and the crown. Yet his enemies persevered in their attacks, and, if the wretched scheme had not miscarried, designed to involve him in the *meal tub plot*. And, when he was merely looking over a balcony, to see what passed at an election of sheriffs, he was indicted for a riot in the city." P. 171.

Between the time of "*the Meal Tub Plot*," the lure which he escaped, and that of "*the Rye House Plot*," that by which he was betrayed, he made himself conspicuous by opposing, with his utmost influence, the scheme of an alliance meditated by Sir William Temple and others, between England, Holland, and Spain, against France. In the progress of this affair, he is accused of having accepted two sums of money, of five hundred guineas each, from Barillon, a French minister at the court of London. On what conditions, or for what services, these sums were paid to him, or whether they were ever paid to him at all, cannot now be very clearly ascertained. That he was not a solitary pensioner on the bounty of France, appears from his answer to the ambassador D'Avaux, when soliciting his interest to prevent the alliance above mentioned. "While the king of France," said he, "is assisting the king of England with sums of money, which may at once render him independent of the parliament, and subservient to a foreign country, an alliance with the states general may, in turn, become expedient to control his power." Of M. Barillon, who is thus immortalized for having corrupted the most haughty and unbending republican of the age, Sydney himself humorously and contemptuously says:

"You know, Monsieur de Barillon governs us, if he be not mistaken; but he seems not to be so much pleased with that, as to find his *embonpoint* increased, by the moistness of our air, by frequently clapping his hands upon his thighs, showing the delight he hath in the sharpness of the sound, that testifies the plumpness and hardness of his flesh; and certainly, if this climate did not nourish him better than any other, the hairs of his nose, and nails of his fingers, could not grow so fast, as to furnish enough of the one to pull out, and of the other to cut off, in all companies, which being done, he picks his ears with as good a grace as my Lord La." P. 182.

Having already greatly extended this article, we hasten over the lesser incidents of Sydney's life, to notice, in very few words, his arrest, trial, and execution, in 1683, under the pretence of his being concerned in the Rye House Plot; a real or pretended

scheme for the assassination of the king and the Duke of York, on their return from Newmarket. Sydney, Lord William Russell, the younger Hampden, Lord Grey, and a weak being called Lord Howard, who afterwards turned evidence against his comrades, had frequently held private meetings, which were suspected to be for the purposes of maturing plans to overthrow the royal authority, and re-establish the commonwealth. Sydney's intimacy with these persons gave a colour to his arrest as an accomplice in the Rye House Plot, with which he appears to have had not even the slightest connexion. Disdaining to flee, though his intended apprehension was publicly spoken of, he permitted himself and his papers to be seized. Had he concealed or destroyed the latter, even Judge Jefferies must have failed to convict him; and though *with* these writings none but a Jefferies *could* have convicted him, yet in such hands they were converted into warrants for his execution. Treason was deduced from his thoughts—his unuttered thoughts, for they were unpublished—since it could not be deduced either from his conduct or conversation; and his speculative theories concerning government in the abstract, were interpreted into acts of conspiracy years after they had been composed, during which time they had slumbered in his study, when his persecutors themselves brought them to light, and were the first and the only promulgators of them, in his life time! Sydney defended himself with undaunted fortitude, and unanswerable arguments; but he was finally condemned, not because he was found guilty, but because *he was to be* condemned. The circumstances of the trial are given at great length in this volume, and to it we must refer those of our readers who are curious to understand the merits of the case. We will remark by the way, (as we have no room for particular criticism,) that Mr. Meadley, the author, has few pretensions as a writer, except to tolerable industry, and a plain style of narrative: there is nothing striking either in his reasoning or reflections. Of his hero we must take leave rather abruptly. In the short interval between his trial and execution, Sidney drew up an appeal to posterity on the injustice of his fate. We feel pleasure in quoting the following passage, as better evidence of the faith that was in him, than any thing we have found in his previous conduct or writings.

“I know that my Redeemer lives; and, as he hath, in a great measure, upheld me in the day of my calamity, hope that he will still uphold me by his spirit in this last moment, and, giving me grace to glorify him in my death, receive me into the glory prepared for those that fear him when my body shall be dissolved.”

We remember nothing in the life or death of any political confessor, more sublime or affecting than Sydney's reply to the executioner, while his head was on the fatal block;—his last words were worthy of the lips of a martyr.

“On the morning of the 7th of December, the sheriffs again proceeded to the tower, and, about ten o'clock, receiving Sydney from the hands of the lieutenant, after signing and sealing counterparts of the indenture for his delivery, conducted him on foot, to the place of execution on Tower-hill. He was attended only by two of his brother's servants. He ascended the scaffold with a firm, undaunted mien, worthy of the man who set up Marcus Brutus for his model. He gave a paper, containing a manly vindication of his innocence, to the sheriffs, observing, that ‘he had made his peace with God, and had nothing more to say to men:’ but he declined either reading, or having it read to the multitude, and offered to tear it, if it was not received. He then pulled off his hat, coat, and doublet, saying that ‘he was ready to die, and would give them no further trouble.’ He gave three guineas to the executioner, and perceiving the fellow grumble, as if the sum was inadequate, desired a servant to give him a guinea or two more. He then kneeled down, and, after a solemn pause of a few moments, calmly laid his head upon the block. Being asked by the executioner if he should rise again, he replied intrepidly, ‘not till the general resurrection;—strike on.’ The executioner obeyed his mandate, and severed his head from his body at a blow.”

An Account of the Life and Writings of Hugh Blair, D. D. F. R. S. E. one of the Ministers of the High Church, and Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. By the late John Hill, LL. D. F. R. S. E. 8vo. pp. 227.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

THERE appears to be some cause for apprehension, lest the extravagant admiration once lavished on Dr. Blair, should decline, by degrees, into a neglect that will withhold even common justice. No productions so celebrated at first, as his Sermons, have, perhaps, ever come in so short a time to be so nearly forgotten. Even before the conclusion of the series, the public enthusiasm and avidity had begun to languish, and the last volume seemed only announced in order to attend the funeral of its predecessors. The once delighted readers excused the change of their taste by pretending, and, perhaps, believing, that a great disparity was ob-

servable between the two prior volumes and those which followed them. The alleged inferiority might possibly exist in a certain degree; but the altered feeling was in a much greater degree owing to the recovery of sober sense, from the temporary inebriation of novelty and fashion; and the recovery was accompanied by a measure of that mortification which seeks to be consoled by prompting a man to revenge himself on what has betrayed him into the folly.

As a critical writer, however, Dr. Blair has suffered much less from the lapse of years. His lectures have found their place, and established their character, among a highly respectable rank of books, and will always be esteemed valuable as an exercise of correct taste, and an accumulation of good sense, on the various branches of the art of speaking and writing. It was not absolutely necessary they should bear the marks of genius; it was not indispensable that they should be richly ornamented; but yet we can by no means agree with this biographer, that ornament would have been out of the place, and that the dry style which prevails throughout the lectures is the perfection of excellence in writings on criticism. It has been often enough repeated that such a bare, thin style is the proper one for scientific disquisitions, of which the object is pure truth, and the instrument pure intellect: but in general criticism, so much is to be done through the intervention of taste and imagination, that these faculties have a very great right to receive some tribute, of their own proper kind, from a writer who wishes to establish himself in their peculiar province. And the writings of Dryden, Addison, and Johnson, will amply show what graces may be imparted to critical subjects by a fine imagination, without in the least preventing or perplexing the due exercise of the reader's understanding. We are not so absurd as to reproach Dr. Blair for not having a fine imagination; but we must censure his panegyrist for attempting to turn this want into merit. Philosophical criticism, indeed, like that of Lord Kames, and Dr. Campbell, which attempts to discover the abstract principles, rather than to illustrate the specific rules of excellence in the fine arts—and between the object of which, and of Dr. Blair's criticism, there is nearly the same difference as between the office of an anatomist who dissects, or a chemist who decomposes beautiful forms, and an artist who looks at and delineates them—may do well to adhere to a plainer language; but the biographer has judiciously withdrawn all claims, in behalf of Dr. Blair, to the character of a philosophical critic. He has acknowledged, and even exposed, the slightness of the professor's observations on the formation of language. He has not, however, said one word of the irreligious inconsistency and folly of professing a zealous adherence to reve-

lation, and, at the same time, labouring to deduce the very existence of language in a very slow progress, from inarticulate noises, the grand original element of speech, as it seems, among the primeval gentlefolk, at the time when they went on all-four, and grubbed up roots, and picked up acorns. Our readers will remember the happy ridicule of a part of this theory, in one of Cowper's letters, in which he humorously teaches one of these clever savages to make the sentence, "Oh, give me apple." They may find the system ably and argumentatively exploded in Rousseau's Discourses on the Inequality of Mankind. While this part of the lectures is given up to deserved neglect, we think the work will, on the whole, always maintain its character, as a comprehensive body of sensible criticism, and of very valuable directions in the art of writing. We agree with this biographer, in admiring especially the lectures on the subject of style.

But it is rather on the unrivalled excellence of the sermons that Dr. Hill seems inclined to found the assurance of Dr. Blair's celebrity in future times. In order to persuade ourselves into the same opinion, we have been reading again some of the most noted of those performances. And they possess some obvious merits of which no reader can be insensible. The first is, perhaps, that they are not too long. It is not impertinent to specify this first, because we can put it to the consciences of our readers, whether, in opening a volume of sermons, their first point of inspection relative to any one which they are inclined to choose for its text or title, is not to ascertain the length. The next recommendation of the doctor's sermons, is a very suitable, though scarcely ever striking, introduction, which leads directly to the business, and opens into a very plain and lucid distribution of the subject. Another is a correct and perspicuous language; and it is to be added, that the ideas are almost always strictly pertinent to the subject. This, however, forms but a very small part of the applause which was bestowed on these sermons during the transient day of their fame. They were then considered by many as examples of true eloquence; a distinction never perhaps attributed, in any other instance, to performances marked by such palpable deficiencies and faults.

In the first place, with respect to the language, though the selection of words is proper enough, the arrangement of them in the sentence is often in the utmost degree stiff and artificial. It is hardly possible to depart further from any resemblance to what is called a living, or spoken style, which is the proper diction, at all events, for popular addresses, if not for all the departments of prose composition. Instead of the thought throwing itself into words, by a free, instantaneous, and almost unconscious action, and passing off in that easy form, it is pretty apparent

there was a good deal of handicraft employed in getting ready proper cases and trusses, of various but carefully-measured lengths and figures, to put the thoughts into, as they came out, in very slow succession, each of them cooled and stiffened to numbness in waiting so long to be dressed. Take, for example, such sentences as these: "Great has been the corruption of the world in every age. Sufficient ground there is for the complaints made by serious observers at all times, of abounding iniquity and folly." "For rarely, or never, is old age contemned, unless when, by vice or folly, it renders itself contemptible." "Vain, nay, often dangerous, were youthful enterprises, if not conducted by aged prudence." "If dead to these calls you already languish in slothful inaction," &c. "Smiling very often is the aspect, and smooth are the words, of those who inwardly are the most ready to think evil of others." "Exempt, on the one hand, from the dark jealousy of a suspicious mind, it is no less removed, on the other, from that easy credulity which, &c." "Formidable, I admit, this may justly render it to them who have no inward fund," &c. "Though such employments of fancy come not under the same description with those which are plainly criminal, yet wholly unblamable they seldom are." "With less external majesty it was attended, but is, on that account, the more wonderful, that under an appearance so simple, such great events were covered."

There is also a perpetual recurrence of a form of the sentence, which might be occasionally graceful, or tolerable, when very sparingly adopted, but is extremely displeasing when it comes often; we mean that construction in which the quality or condition of the agent, or subject, is expressed first, and the agent or subject itself is put to bring up the latter clause. For instance, "Pampered by continual indulgence, all our passions will become mutinous and headstrong." "Practised in the ways of men, they are apt to be suspicious of design and fraud," &c. "Injured or oppressed by the world, he looks up to a judge who will vindicate his cause."

In the second place, there is no texture in the composition. The sentences appear often like a series of little independent propositions, each satisfied with its own distinct meaning, and capable of being placed in a different part of the train, without injury to any mutual connexion, or ultimate purpose of the thoughts. The ideas relate to the subject generally, without specifically relating to one another. They all, if we may so speak, gravitate to one centre, but have no mutual attraction among themselves. The mind must often dismiss *entirely* the idea in one sentence, in order to proceed to that in the next; instead of feeling that the second, though distinct, yet necessarily retains the first still

in mind, and partly derives its force from it; and that they both contribute, in connexion with several more sentences, to form a grand complex scheme of thought, each of them producing a far greater effect, as a part of the combination, than it would have done as a little thought standing alone. The consequence of this defect is, that the emphasis of the sentiment, and the crisis or conclusion of the argument, comes no where; since it cannot be in any single insulated thought, and there is not mutual dependence and coöperation enough to produce any combined result. Nothing is proved, nothing is enforced, nothing is taught by a mere accumulation of self-evident propositions, most of which are necessarily trite, and some of which, when they are so many, must be trivial. With a few exceptions, this appears to us to be the character of these sermons. The sermon, perhaps, most deserving to be excepted, is that, "On the Importance of Religious Knowledge to Mankind," which exhibits a respectable degree of concatenation of thought, and deduction of argument. It would seem as if Dr. Blair had been a little aware of this defect, as there is an occasional appearance of remedial contrivance; he has sometimes inserted the logical signs *for* and *since*, when the connexion or dependence is really so very slight or unimportant that they might nearly as well be left out. We will select an example of the uncombined sort of composition, which we have attempted to describe:—

"For life never proceeds long in a uniform train. It is continually varied by unexpected events. The seeds of alteration are everywhere sown; and the sunshine of prosperity commonly accelerates their growth. If your enjoyments be numerous, you lie more open on different sides to be wounded. If you have possessed them long, you have greater cause to dread an approaching change. By slow degrees prosperity rises; but rapid is the progress of evil. It requires no preparation to bring it forward. The edifice, which it cost much time and labour to erect, one inauspicious event, one sudden blow, can level with the dust. Even supposing the accidents of life to leave us untouched, human bliss must still be transitory; for man changes of himself. No course of enjoyment can delight us long. What amused our youth, loses its charm in our maturer age; as years advance, our powers are blunted and our pleasurable feelings decline. The silent lapse of time is ever carrying somewhat from us, until at length the period comes when all must be swept away. The prospect of this termination of our labours and pursuits is sufficient to mark our state with vanity. *Our days are a hand's breadth, and our age is as nothing.* Within that little space is all our little enterprise bounded. We crowd it with toils and cares, with contention and strife. We project great designs, entertain high hopes, and then leave our plans unfinished, and sink into oblivion." (Sermon on the Proper Estimate of Human Life.)

"We suffer ourselves to be dazzled by unreal appearances of pleasure. We follow, with precipitancy, whithersoever the crowd leads. We admire, without examination, what our predecessors have admired. We fly from every shadow at which we see others tremble. Thus, agitated by vain fears and deceitful hopes, we are hurried into eager contests, about objects which are in themselves of no value. By rectifying our opinions, we would strike at the root of the evil. If our vain imaginations were chastened, the tumult of our passions would subside." (Sermon on the Government of the Heart.)

"At the same time this rational contempt of death must carefully be distinguished from that inconsiderate and thoughtless indifference with which some have affected to treat it. This is what cannot be justified on any principle of reason. Human life is no trifle which men may play away at their pleasure. Death, in every view, is an important event. It is the most solemn crisis of the human existence. A good man has reason to meet it with a calm and firm mind. But no man is entitled to treat it with ostentatious levity. It calls for manly seriousness of thought. It requires all the recollection of which we are capable," &c. (Sermon on Death.)

If, in the next place, we were to remark on the figures introduced in the course of these sermons, we presume we should have every reader's concurrence that they are, for the most part, singularly trite; so much so, that the volumes might be taken, more properly than any other modern book that we know, as comprising the whole common-places of imagery. A considerable portion of the produce of imagination was deemed an indispensable ingredient of eloquence, and the quota was, therefore, to be had in any way and of any kind. But the guilt of plagiarism was effectually avoided, by taking a portion of what society had long agreed to consider as made common and free to all that want and choose. When, occasionally, there occurs a simile or metaphor of the writer's own production, it is adjusted with an artificial nicety, bearing a little resemblance to the labour and finish we sometimes see bestowed on the tricking out of an only child. It should, at the same time, be allowed, that the consistency of the figures, whether common or unusual, is in general accurately preserved. The reader will be taught, however, not to reckon on this as a certainty. We have just opened on the following sentence: "Death is the gate which, at the same time that it *closes* on this world, *opens* into eternity." (Sermon on Death.) We cannot comprehend the construction and movement of such a gate, unless it is like that which we sometimes see in place of a stile, playing loose in a space between two posts; and we can

hardly think so humble an object could be in the author's mind, while thinking of the passage to another world.

With respect to the general power of thinking displayed in these sermons, we apprehend that discerning readers are coming fast toward an uniformity of opinion. They will all cheerfully agree that the author carries good sense along with him, wherever he goes; that he keeps his subjects distinct; that he never wanders from the one in hand; that he presents concisely very many important lessons of sound morality; and that in doing this he displays an uncommon knowledge of the more obvious qualities of human nature. He is never trifling or fantastic; every page is sober, and pertinent to the subject; and resolute labour has prevented him from ever falling in a mortifying degree below the level of his best style of performance. He is seldom below a respectable mediocrity, but, we are forced to admit, that he very rarely rises above it. After reading five or six sermons, we become assured that we most perfectly see the whole compass and reach of his powers, and that, if there were twenty volumes, we might read on through the whole, without ever coming to a bold conception, or a profound investigation, or a burst of genuine enthusiasm. There is not in the train of thought a succession of eminences and depressions, rising towards sublimity, and descending into familiarity. There are no peculiarly striking short passages, where the mind wishes to stop awhile to indulge its delight, if it were not irresistibly carried forward by the rapidity of the thought. There are none of those happy reflections back on a thought just departing which seem to give it a second and a stronger significance, in addition to that which it had most obviously presented. Though the mind does not proceed with any eagerness to what is to come, it is seldom inclined to revert to what is gone by; and any contrivance in the composition to tempt it to look back with lingering partiality to the receding ideas, is forborne by the writer; quite judiciously, for the temptation would fail.

A reflective reader will perceive his mind fixed in a wonderful sameness of feeling throughout a whole volume; it is hardly relieved a moment, by surprise, delight, or labour, and, at length, becomes very tiresome; perhaps a little analogous to the sensations of a Hindoo while fulfilling his vow to remain in one certain posture for a month. A sedate formality of manner is invariably kept up through a thousand pages, without the smallest danger of ever luxuriating into a beautiful irregularity. We never find ourselves in the midst of any thing that reminds us of nature, except by that orderly stiffness which she forswears; or of freedom, except by being compelled to go in the measured paces of a dull

procession. If we manfully persist in reading on, we at length feel a torpor invading our faculties, we become apprehensive that some wizard is about turning us into stones, and we can break the spell only by shutting the book. Having shut the book, we feel that we have acquired no definable addition to our ideas; we have little more than the consciousness of having passed along through a very regular series of sentences and unexceptionable propositions; much in the same manner as, perhaps, at another hour of the same day, we have the consciousness or remembrance of having just passed along by a very regular painted palisade, no one bar of which particularly fixed our attention, and the whole of which we shall soon forget that we have ever seen.

The last fault that we shall allege, is some defect on the ground of religion; not a deficiency of general seriousness, nor an infrequency of reference to the most solemn subjects, nor an omission of stating sometimes, in explicit terms, the leading principles of the theory of the Christian Redemption. But we repeatedly find cause to complain that, in other parts of the sermon, he appears to forget these statements, and advances propositions which, unless the reader shall combine with them modifications which the author has not suggested, must contradict those principles. On occasions, he clearly deduces, from the death and atonement of *Christ*, the hopes of futurity, and consolations against the fear of death; and then, at other times, he seems most cautious to avoid this grand topic, when adverting to the approach of death, and the feelings of that season, and seems to rest all the consolations on the review of a virtuous life. We have sometimes to charge him also with a certain adulteration of the Christian moral principles, by the admixture of a portion of the worldly spirit. As a friend to Christianity, he wished her to be a little less harsh and peculiar than in her earlier days, and to show that she had not lived so long in the genteelest world in the creation, without learning politeness. Especially it was necessary for her to exercise due complaisance when she attended *him*, if she felt any concern about his reputation, as a companion of the fashionable, the sceptical, the learned, and the affluent, and a preacher to the most splendid congregation in the whole country. It would seem that she meekly took these delicate hints, and adopted a language which no gentleman could be ashamed to repeat, or offended to hear. The sermons abound with specimens of this improved dialect, but we cannot be supposed to have room here for quotations; we will only transcribe a single short sentence from the Sermon on Death:—"Wherever religion, virtue, or true honour call him forth to danger, life ought to be hazarded without fear." (Vol. ii. p. 244.) Now, what is the meaning of this word "ho-

nour," evidently here employed to denote something distinct from virtue, and, therefore, not cognizable by the laws of morality? Does the reverend orator mean, that to gain fame, or glory, as it is called, or to avert the imputation or suspicion of cowardice, or to maintain some trivial punctilio of precedence or arrogant demand of pride, commonly called a point of honour, between individuals or nations, or to abet, as a matter of course, any cause rendered honourable by being adopted by the higher classes of mankind—a Christian ought to hazard his life? Taken as the ground of the most awful duty to which a human being can be called, and yet thus distinguished from religion and morality, what the term means can be nothing good. The preacher did not, perhaps, exactly know what he intended it to mean; but it was a term in high vogue, and, therefore, well adapted to be put along with religion and virtue to qualify their uncouthness. It was no mean proof of address to have made these two surly puritans accept their sparkish companion. If this passage were one among only a few specimens of a dubious language, it would be scandalous in us to quote it in this particular manner; but as there are very many phrases cast after a similar model, we have a right to cite it as an instance of that tincture of the unsound maxims of the world, which we have asserted to be often perceptible in these sermons. This might be all in its place in the sermons of the despicable Yorick; but it is disgusting to hear a very grave divine blending, with Christian exhortations, the loathsome slang of duelling lieutenants, of gamblers, of scoffers at religion, of consequential fools who believe their own reputation the most important thing on earth, and, indeed, that the earth has nothing else to attend to, and of men whose rant about, perhaps, the glory of dying for their country, is mixed with insults to the Almighty, and imprecations of perdition on their souls.

This doubtful and accommodating quality was one of the chief causes, we apprehend, of the first extraordinary popularity of these Sermons. A great many people of gayety, rank, and fashion, have occasionally a feeling that a little easy quantity of religion would be a good thing; because it is too true, after all, that we cannot be staying in this world always, and when one goes out of it, why, there may be some hardish matters to settle in the other place. The prayer-book of a Sunday is a good deal, to be sure, toward making all safe, but then it is really so tiresome; for penance it is very well, but to say one likes it, one cannot for the life of one. If there were but some tolerable religious thing that one could read now and then without trouble, and think it about half as pleasant as a game of cards, it would be comfortable. One should not be so frightened about what we must all come to some

time.—Now, nothing could have been more to the purpose than these sermons; they were welcomed as the very thing. They were unquestionably about religion, and grave enough in all conscience; yet they were elegant; they were so easy to comprehend throughout, that the mind was never detained a moment, to think; they were undefiled by methodism; they but little obtruded peculiar doctrinal notions; they applied very much to high life, and the author was evidently a gentleman; the book could be discussed as a matter of taste, and its being seen in the parlour excited no surmise that any one in the house had been lately converted. Above all, it was most perfectly free from that disagreeable and mischievous property attributed to the eloquence of Pericles, that it “left stings behind.”

With these recommendations, aided by the author's reputation as an elegant critic, and by his acquaintance with persons of the highest note, the book became fashionable; it was circulated that Lord Mansfield had read some of the sermons to their majesties; peers and peeresses without number were cited, as having read and admired; till at last, it was almost a mark of vulgarity not to have read them, and many a lie was told to escape this imputation, by persons who had not yet enjoyed the advantage. Grave elderly ministers, of much severer religious views than Dr. Blair, were, in sincere benevolence, glad that a work had appeared, which gave a chance for religion to make itself heard among the dissipated and the great, to whom ordinary sermons, and less polished treatises of piety, could never find access. Dainty young sprigs of theology, together with divers hopeful young men and maidens, were rejoiced to find that Christian truth could be attired in a much nicer garb than that in which it was exhibited in Beveridge, or in the Morning Exercises at Cripplegate.

If the huzzas attending the triumphal entry of these Sermons had not been quite so loud, the present silence concerning them might not have appeared quite so profound. And if there had been a little more vigour in the thought, and any thing like nature and ease in the language, they might have emerged again into a respectable and permanent share of the public esteem. But, as the case stands, we think they are gone or going irrevocably to “the vault of the Capulets.” Such a deficiency of ratiocination, combined with such a total want of original conception, is in any book incompatible with its staying long in the land of the living. And as to the style, also, of these performances, there were not wanting, even in the hey-day and riot of their popularity, some doctors, cunning in such matters, who thought the dead monotony of the expression symptomatic of a disease that must end fatally.

We should apologize to our readers for having gone on thus far

with our remarks, without coming to the work which has given the occasion for introducing them.

This volume has disappointed our expectation of finding a particular account of the Life of Dr. Blair, enlivened with anecdotes illustrative of his character. Nearly half of it is occupied, not in criticising, but actually in epitomising, the Doctor's writings, a labour of which it is impossible to comprehend the necessity or use, except to make up a handsome-looking volume. Several of the most noted of the sermons are individually dissected, in a tedious manner, and compared with several of the sermons on the same subjects, in the volumes of some of the celebrated French preachers, but without any critical remarks of consequence. The other half of the book does relate mainly to the man himself, but is written much more in the manner of a formal academical eulogy, than of any thing like a lively and simple memoir. It is not florid, but it is as set and artificial as the composition of Dr. Blair himself; and, indeed, seems a very good imitation, or, at least, resemblance. Except in the acknowledgment of one or two slight weaknesses, as we are taught to deem them in the Doctor's character, it is a piece of laboured and unvaried panegyric, carried on from page to page, with a gravity which becomes at length perfectly ludicrous. Hardly one circumstance is told in the language of simple narrative; every sentence is set to the task of applause. Even Dr. Blair himself, whose vanity was extreme, would have been almost satisfied, if such an exhibition of his qualities and talents had been written in time to have been placed in his view. As we are afraid that the rich encomiums would suffer from our phlegmatic feelings a considerable deterioration, while passing through our hands in the way of abridgment, it is but reasonable that we should let the learned biographer speak of his beloved master in his own language:—

“During the eleven years that he continued minister of the Canon-gate, his reputation as a preacher was continually growing. The gay and the serious, the opulent and the needy, the learned and the illiterate, vied with each other in eagerness to profit by those instructions, which were alike useful, and which the art of the preacher rendered alike agreeable to them all. By the elegance of his compositions, the taste of the critic was gratified; and by their piety, the faith of the Christian was confirmed. He made the precepts of religion to reach the heart by a channel in which their course was not to be resisted. When such sentiments gained admission by his eloquence into breasts in which they were strangers, they assumed their native authority; and they made even the ungodly feel and confess their influence.

“It was not, however, to be supposed, that such professional merit as Mr. Blair's could stop at any point in the line of his preferment but

the highest. In the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolis his pretensions could not lie concealed. He was translated from the Canongate to that church in the city of Edinburgh which is called Lady Yester's, on the 11th of October, 1754, and from thence to the High Church, on the 15th of June, 1758.

"When a Scottish clergyman reaches the station last mentioned, the career of his professional ambition is understood to be over. It is then his province to preach before the Judges of the land, and to instruct the most learned and respectable audience which his country can present. Mr. Blair's talents for pulpit eloquence could now display themselves to advantage. Every thing tended to fire that laudable ambition, which even in him gave confidence to modesty, and which led him on to that eminence which he so justly deserved." P. 18, 19, 20.

"Such are the outlines of the characters of those distinguished preachers, both in Great Britain and France, with whom Dr. Blair is entitled to be compared. Each preacher, in each country, exhibits, in a certain degree, the merits and the defects of its style of preaching, as well as those that belong to himself. We might be accused of partiality to the country to which Dr. Blair long did honour, were we to affirm, that he had surpassed the splendid beauties of Massillon, Bossuet, and Flechier, or the clear and ingenious reasoning of Clarke, Barrow, and Butler. In the medium between the extremes to which each set may have leant, he seems to have been desirous to find a place. He wished to temper the glow of passion with the coolness of reason, and to give such scope only to the imagination of his audience, as would leave the exercise of their judgment unimpaired. He tried to accommodate his discussions to the apprehension of those whom he addressed; and, when called to elucidate the mysteries that bear to be inquired into, he enlivened the dark research by the brilliancy of a well-regulated fancy. The reception which his sermons have met with throughout Europe, after being translated into different languages, proves equally the merit of the preacher, and the candour of his judges. Even those in this country who envy his fame, hold it prudent to be silent, and to seem to set every thing like jealousy asleep. They are afraid to encounter that tide of public opinion, by which they are sure they would be borne down. In France, his Sermons were never said to be inanimate; nor were they, in Britain, by good judges, said to be superficial. In both countries they have, at once, given pleasure to the gay, and consolation to the serious.—By such a mixture of beauty and usefulness, as the world never before witnessed in their line, they have given fashion to a kind of reading that had long been discarded. They have stopped even the voluptuary in his career, and made him leave the haunts of dissipation, that he might listen to the preacher's reproof." P. 153, 154, 155.

"In no situation did Dr. Blair appear to greater advantage than in the circle of his private friends. This circle, however, was not very numerous. Though his benevolence was general and extensive, yet

he was cautious in bestowing the marks of his esteem. With the foibles of his friends, if venial, he was not apt to be offended. He could make the person who had the weakness, first laugh at it in others, and then bring it home to himself. By a happy mixture of gentleness and pleasantry, he gave instruction without giving offence; and, while indulging a species of wit, in which there was no sarcasm, he seemed happy in curing trifling defects.

"In his intercourse with his friends, too, he discovered the most amiable condescension. To those whom he esteemed, he committed himself freely, and without reserve; and he took no liberty with them which he was not ready to grant. By no affected restraint did he ever put them in mind of his superiority, of which, during his social hours, he seemed utterly unconscious. Had he thus unbended himself in the presence of strangers, which he never did, they would have been unable to reconcile what they saw with what they heard of him. They would have been like those who beheld Agricola upon his return from Britain, whom Tacitus describes thus:—" *Multi quærerent famam pauci interpretarentur.*" P. 156, 157.

"Though Dr. Blair was susceptible of flattery, and received it with a satisfaction which he was at no pains to hide, yet he was, in a high degree, modest and unassuming. The impetuous arrogance by which some would force themselves into consequence, he scorned to imitate. He knew perfectly, at the same time, what was due to himself, and would have felt the denial of that attention, which he thought it beneath him to court. His uncommon success in life, and the flattery to which he was daily accustomed, never produced in him the weakness of insolence. He had wisdom enough to see the real grounds of superiority among men. The false claims of the arrogant and the proud he would have scorned to gratify; and while he respected those friends only who respected themselves, he established a dominion in their hearts which nothing could ever shake.

"Though in the highest degree capable of advising others, yet he never did so, but when he knew that it was agreeable to them. An obtruded advice he held as an insult to those to whom it was offered. His opinion, when asked, he gave with diffidence, and he stated carefully the reason upon which that opinion was founded. He was more apt to encourage than to mortify the persons consulting him; and often blamed the timidity which prevented them from judging and acting for themselves." P. 164, 165.

"From the situation of the country a few years before Dr. Blair's death, he appeared in a light that endeared him more than ever to the worthy and discerning part of the community. Of his ability as a scholar, and his amiableness as a man, he had long given unequivocal proofs; but his loyalty as a subject, and his faithful attachment to the British constitution, had till then no opportunity of showing themselves. The opinion of a person of his eminence served, in such time, as a guide to the simple. Many, who could not judge correctly upon political subjects, were ready to be directed by him, whose sentiments upon religious topics they believed to be unerring. He de-

clared from his pulpit, that no man could be a good Christian that was a bad subject. The opinions of those French philosophers, who wished to destroy subordination, and to loosen the restraints of law, he rejected with abhorrence. He regarded those men as the authors of incalculable mischief to every country upon earth, as well as to that which unhappily gave them birth. He beheld them as disturbing the peace of the world, which, with an insidious appearance of benevolence, they pretended to promote.

"Sentiments like these from the mouth of such a man, and spoken at such a time, could not fail to be productive of the happiest effects on the public mind. Even with all the energy which his majesty's ministers possessed, the task of stemming the torrent which then threatened to overwhelm the nation, was by no means easy. Though few among the learned in Scotland were suspected of any desire to betray the cause of their country, yet even among them, patriotic zeal appeared in very different degrees. In the encouragement of this capital virtue which both reason and religion recommend, Dr. Blair took a decided and an active share. No mean disposition to temporize upon his own part, or to avail himself of connexions, future and casual, interfered with what he felt to be his duty at the time. The state, he saw, then needed the countenance and support of all its members; and in the moment of its exigency, he was ready to do what he could. The firmness and vigour which he then displayed were worthy of the descendant of that illustrious ancestor, who was mentioned at the beginning of this work. From his age and his profession, it could not be supposed that he was to take arms in his country's defence; but to the side which he so strenuously espoused, he gave all that weight which is attached to the opinion of an honest man.

"During the crisis now spoken of, the connexion between Lord Melville and Dr. Blair grew more and more intimate. It was indeed apparent to many, that in proportion as his lordship withdrew his friendship from some others of the men of letters in Scotland he bestowed it the more largely upon him." P. 191—194.

To avoid several pages of extracts, we must remark, that Dr. Blair was something of a beau, and very fond of novel reading. Every reader will be surprised and provoked to find so very small a share of personal history. It is well known that we are not in general to look for many incidents and adventures in the life of a scholar and clergyman; but we should have supposed that a period of 83 years might have furnished more matters of fact than what could be comprised in a quarter of that number of pages. Those which are here afforded consist of little beside the notice and dates of the two or three more obscure preferments of Dr. Blair, on his road to what is described as the summit of ecclesiastical success and honour, the High Church of Edinburgh; his appointment as Professor of Belles Lettres; his failure of being

placed in the situation of Principal in the University of Edinburgh, which he expected to receive from the pure gratitude and admiration of his country, without any solicitation, and the important circumstance of preaching his last sermon. This circumstance will be henceforward inserted, we trust, with its precise date, in all chronicles of the memorable things of past times; for it is enlarged on here, as if it had been one of the most momentous events of the century. He died December 27th, 1800, in the 33d year of his age, and the 59th of his ministry.

The Doctor's successful progress through life was on the whole adapted to gratify, one should think almost to satiety, that love of fame which his biographer declares, in so many words, to have been his ruling passion; nor had the passion which Dr. Hill does *not* say, was second in command, the love of money, any great cause to complain.

We sincerely wish to persuade ourselves that, with all his labour of encomium, this Dr. Hill has done less than justice to his subject. For if we are to take his representation as accurate and complete, we have the melancholy spectacle of a preacher of religion, whose grand and uniform object, in all his labours, was advancement in the world. This is clearly the only view in which his admiring friend contemplates those labours. The preacher's *success* is constantly dwelt on with delight; but this success always refers to himself, and his own worldly interests, not to any religious influence exerted on the minds of his inferior, and afterwards his splendid, auditories. His evangelical office is regarded as merely a professional thing, in which it was his happiness to surpass his competitors, to attain the highest reputation, to be placed in a conspicuous station, to obtain a comparative affluence, to be most sumptuously flattered by the great, and to be the intimate friend of Hume, Smith, Home, Ferguson, and Robertson. There is hardly a word that attributes to the admired preacher any concern about promoting the Christian cause, the kingdom of Christ, or the conversion of wicked men—in short, any one of those sublime objects for which *alone* the first magnanimous promulgators of Christianity preached, and laboured, and suffered. It is easy to see that, though Dr. Blair's reputed eloquence had been made the mean of imparting the light, and sanctity, and felicity, of religion, to 10,000 poor wicked peasants, yet if he had not sought and acquired high distinction in polished society, his learned biographer would have been utterly disinclined to celebrate him, as deeming him either a grovelling spirit, incapable of aiming at a high object, or the victim of malignant stars that forbade him to attain it. We could make plenty of citations to acquit ourselves of injustice in this representation: there are many passages of a quality similar to the following:—

"His lordship, (Chief Baron Orde,) in his official capacity, was a regular hearer of the Doctor's sermons, while his court sat, and there was no one better qualified to judge of the preacher's merit. This merit, too, was never more conspicuous than when it was honoured with the approbation of the venerable Judge. Dr. Blair's literary reputation was there thoroughly established. And the unwearied labour he underwent in his closet, while composing his Sermons, was repaid by the admiration of a discerning audience." P. 187.

The Doctor is commonly reputed to have had a tolerably sufficient attachment to pelf. He might have higher motives for clinging so fast to the patronage of Lord Melville, but it is irksome to hear of his being "so much indebted to that patron's munificence," with the addition of the fulsome cant, that "every favour which he received (from his patron) was *nulla dantis eum laude*, and did honour to the hand that bestowed it." This patron is presumed to have been at the bottom of the pension of 200*l.* granted from the public treasury.

In reading so many things about patronage, and munificence, and protection, and advancement, and success, it cannot fail to occur to any reader of sense to ask, with a sentiment very indignant in one reference, or very compassionate in the other—if all this was necessary to Dr. Blair with a small family, and with all the internal means attributed to him of advancing his interests, what is to become of ever so many hundred hapless clergymen, in Scotland and elsewhere, who have large families, slender livings, and no General Frazers, Chief Barons, and Lord Melvilles to "protect" them, no means of getting into the High Church of Edinburgh, no chance of attracting the notice of royalty, and a pension of 200*l.*, and no hope of collecting tribute by means of a literary reputation "extending beyond the bounds of the British empire?"

We are particularly grateful for the comparative shortness of this production: to have gone over the customary extent of seven or eight hundred pages, if filled with such needless abridgments of books, and with eulogy so dry and so glaring, would have been a pilgrimage, only not quite so formidable as that of Bruce from Chendi to Syene.

The Paradise of Coquettes. A Poem in Nine Parts.
pp. 256. London.

[From the North British Review.]

THE very attractive Poem, whose title we have just transcribed, has been cast upon the world without a name to protect it, and we are left at liberty to conjecture whether the author be a veteran or recruit in the service of the Muses.—In general, we believe, the age and standing of a poet may be guessed nearly as well from an acquaintance with his works, as a knowledge of his person; but in the present instance, our faith in this principle has been so fairly shaken, that we must get rid of the difficulty, by urging the old apology, that every rule is liable to exceptions. If the author has written much, we think he writes too well to be nameless, and if he has written but little, we are surprised he writes so correctly. He has all the gallantry and enthusiasm of a nursling of the Nine, and yet appears to be too well skilled in the arts of the *beau monde* for a youth; and he moreover hints in his preface, that the old and experienced are the best qualified to judge of the merit of his performance.

The first part is entirely prefatory, and relates principally to the author himself; it contains, however, some of the best and most feeling passages in the whole poem. The second part opens with a very pleasing description of morning, from which a natural transition is made to a defence of the late hours of fashionable beauty, and a description of the opposite offices which morning performs in the high and low rank of life. At the dawn of day in London, Zephyra, the heroine, is introduced to the reader, as returning from an evening party, and indulging in a soliloquy on the disappointments and slights which she had suffered. A number of other topics are then alluded to; after which Zephyra prepares to bid farewell to coquetry, and consoles herself for the defeat that has forced her upon this resolution, by indulging in anticipations of the "happier life of her whose love is confined to one." The second part having concluded with Zephyra's vow of abjuration, the third opens with a description of the Genius of Coquetry, who appears at the critical moment, to apprise his distinguished disciple of the noble character of the votaries of coquetry; and to admonish her to recall her vow, and reassume that character that had already distinguished, and would still distinguish her. In the fourth canto, Zephyra, recovering from the awe with which the presence of the Genius had inspired her, and restored to all the graces of her natural and habitual character,

coquets with the very Genius of Coquetry himself. She then proceeds to request a glimpse of her future triumphs, but is checked by the Genius, who represents to her the evil consequences that would result from such an indulgence. In the fifth canto, the Genius proposes to favour her with a sight of the paradise, in which, after earthly coqueties have ceased, the immortal coquette renews, and continues through immortality, the delights which she only began in the drawing rooms and groves below. Zephyra is accordingly invested with the "cestus of levity," by the aid of which she ascends with the Genius to paradise. The sixth part is wholly occupied with a description of the Star of Paradise, and of the allegorical sentinels that guard its gates, namely, Death and the Genius of Oblivion. The seventh is purely geographical, and contains a very minute, and, for any thing we know to the contrary, a very accurate account of the figure, dimensions, climate, population, botany, and mineralogy of the Star of Paradise. In the eighth part, the heroine discovers, that the joys of Paradise, however vivid and varied, still bear an affinity to the occupations and pleasures of earth; and that the dances of the Star are almost the only thing in which its inhabitants can boast of being original. After visiting all the places of note in Elysium, and witnessing the homage paid to her celestial sisters, our terrestrial coquette gets quite angry at her own invisibility—the only circumstance that prevents her from eclipsing them all—and determines to return home, thinking, with some reason, that there is more pleasure in coquetting in *propria persona* on earth than *incognita* in heaven. The Genius having consented to allow her to depart, very politely escorts her to the frontiers of his dominions, where she seats herself once more in the cestus of levity, which, without the aid of compass or quadrant, lands her safe in her lodgings in Pall Mall, and then disappears, to the great astonishment of herself and waiting maid.

In the ninth and last division of his subject, the author returns to truth and nature, and glances at a number of topics, which, by being amplified and extended, would furnish matter for a far more interesting poem than that which he has produced.

The following address to woman, in which the author anticipates her praise when he shall no longer be alive to enjoy it, is undoubtedly the most feeling, if not the most beautiful passage in the whole poem:—

"So though no marble seraph seem to rise,
Cold from my tomb to guide me to the skies,
Warm living Angels there shall bend and shed
The tears I love upon my conscious bed.

There, if the simplest wild-flower of the spring,
 Through the low grass its dewy radiance fling,
 Soft hands shall stoop the hallowed gem to bear,
 Yet almost shrink and start to pluck it there ;
 And when some other lyre—when mine is mute—
 Shall to these strains the votive numbers suit,
 Catch all the worship, and, with sweeter song,
 But not with fonder heart, the theme prolong ;
 When the proud Bard the glowing verse shall swell,
 And beauty hang attentive o'er his spell ;
 Even while she smiles delighted and repays
 The tuneful homage with her warmest gaze,
 A sudden sadness to her eye shall start,
 And strains long loved shall float around her heart ;—
 The master's hand shall pause :—his glance shall see
 The half-shed tear, and know 'twas given to me." P. 23.

The address to morning, in the opening of the second canto, is also extremely good ; but as our extracts must be select, rather than numerous, we shall pass over that passage, to make room for a part of the heroine's soliloquy, in her meditated abjuration of coquetry. Were the author not too refined to follow the old-fashioned practice of giving a moral to his piece, he had an excellent opportunity of accomplishing this purpose, in the speech he puts into Zephyra's mouth upon this occasion. But this, we suppose, would have been inconsistent with his plan of delineating that "perfect coquetry, the spirit of which never sleeps while the eye and the mind are awake." In the passage we are about to lay before our readers, Zephyra, instead of bidding a sincere adieu to the poisoned pleasures of coquetry, and a cordial welcome to the calm joys of wedlock, infuses into her catalogue of the comforts of her new condition, something of that querulousness which we might expect to lurk in the mind of a virgin who flies to a nunnery, as a dernier resort, and determines to veil for ever from the eyes of men those charms which they had not the sense to admire when they were blessed with the opportunity.

"O happy, when by practice I succeed,
 And, *without yawning*, love in every deed ;
 When, by his side my daily round I walk,
 His silence sweet, and sweeter still his talk ;—
 Hear him, like nature's judge, expound her laws,
 Meek with moralities, and sage with laws ;
 Or moralize myself, tho' half too young,
 And wonder at the wisdom of my tongue ;—
 In fields where scarce a weed upon the sod
 Has grown unmarked, and tracks for ever trod ;
 Mid trees unchanged, since last we wander'd by,
 And constant flowers that never seem to die ;

Call him at every turn some charm to see,
 Which *fifty* times he earlier marked for me :
 Or when dear winter lengthens pleasure's day,
 When routs contend, and chariots stop the way,
 Sit the long noiseless night without desire,
 And gaze on him, the kitten, and the fire.
 Those joys I yet may learn before my grave,
 Which virtue gives—at least which virtue gave—
 Gave in the days, when never beau was rude,
 And all our great-great-grandmothers were good."

The genius of a poet is perhaps evinced in nothing so much as the choice and management of his imagery. An author who abounds in clumsy similes and illustrations, we are ever inclined to rank among those of whom all hope is vain; but one whose every eccentricity adds new radiance to his picture, may be said to exhibit symptoms of immortality.—In illustrating a sentiment, shortening an argument, or brightening an obscurity, nothing is half so powerful as masterly and well-supported similitudes. Like the globe and microscope, they assist and compensate the weakness of our faculties, and make the mind familiar with what is almost incomprehensible from its magnitude, or invisible from its minuteness. The similes in the present work, though seldom brilliant, are always elegant, and commonly just; and their want of vividness is owing, we imagine, not so much to a deficiency in original vigour, as to that dissipation of strength which is often the effect of an excessive refinement. The following example, however, is a striking exception to this general character, and is maintained throughout with the greatest delicacy and beauty :—

" So, when serene, the noontide radiance glows,
 On some calm bank, which rocks and woods enclose,
 Where long embower'd in gloom, the sunny rill,
 Glad sparkling in the beam, though bright, is chill :
 On that warm sod, uncrossed by wanderer's path,
 Some youthful, blushing sweetness dares the bath
 Half-bold, half-trembling, her last vesture thrown,
 Safe from all view, yet shrinking from her own,
 Even in the flood, as if one veil to save,
 With hurrying haste she stoops beneath the wave,
 Then seeks the slopy turf, and bends all right,
 Her dark locks glistening o'er her neck of light ;
 With what sweet glow the renovating beam
 Repays the shivering chilness of the stream :
 Life owns, in every pulse, the freshening power,
 And one short shudder warms thro' many an hour.

Such is that shivering fear, when lovers fly;
 Such that warm transport, when again they sigh:
 'Tis quickened pleasure all—with livelier dance,
 The kindling spirit throbs to every glance—
 Each voice has double love, and smiles unfold
 More tenderness than smiles were deemed to hold."

There are many more pretty, and even beautiful passages in this poem; but in those quoted we have tried to exhibit the author in his happiest phasis, and should now submit to the judgment of the reader a few specimens of an opposite character. Fortunately, however, the task is much more difficult, as it is more disagreeable, than the former. Although the general effect of this piece, from the defects in the plan already pointed out, is heavy and uninteresting, in justice it must be admitted, that the worst parts of it are only of a negative character. In the few attempts the author has made at humour, he has been, we think, generally unsuccessful; and the tone of the following paragraph, which is a palpable imitation of the Knight's speech in the conclusion of the third canto of the "*Rape of the Lock*," appears to us decidedly vulgar:—

"Sooner shall maids who loathe a single bed,
 Elope to *Doctor's Commons* to be wed,
 And some gay new gallant, too fondly seen,
 Find proctors and divorce at *Gretna Green*:—
 Sooner shall man, who, in the marriage rite,
 Boasts rule and lordship, be a husband quite;
 And brides, who vow to honour and obey,
 The oath remember, and renounce the sway:—
 Each Opera box at midnight prayer be seen,
 And sermons be what novels long have been;
 Even fashion's fickle self to change forget,
 And turns a quaker—ere I turn coquette." P. 61.

The following is still more unfortunate, and certainly does not impress us with a very high idea of the politeness or taste of the speaker, who is no less a personage than the *Genius of Coquetry*:—

"Perhaps—for who could 'scape such drowsy lot—
 Thy very art of conquest half forgot,
 Even thou, in sloth habitual, lost to fame,
 Might'st sink scarce brighter than some nursery dame,
 Who rocks her bantling, pickles pods in state,
 And cooks the caudle of her gouty mate." P. 109.

The author of this poem is upon the whole, however, a writer of no ordinary cast. His sentiments have not the general character of being very correct; but he has evidently a great knowledge of human character, and a habitual skill in discriminating all its varieties. He possesses some humour, and more wit; but both are so much refined by mere ingenuity, and entangled in the circumlocutions and redundancies of his style, that, in this respect, he resembles that class of writers whom Burns compared to the spinsters of his country, "who drew the thread so fine, that it is neither fit for warp nor woof." In point of diction and the structure of his verse he comes nearer to Rogers than any other contemporary poet: only he wants that mellow raciness which greater energy with equal delicacy imparts to the Pleasures of Memory. If he had Pope in his eye, which we think is pretty evident, he has imitated him very skillfully, and has had the good sense to avoid those many artificial prettinesses by which that author's writings are depreciated. The poetry of the *Paradise of Coquettes* is, in short, just such as might have been expected from a man of genius, who has wantoned his hours in the gay meridian of the drawing room; who devotes his life rather to the service of the ladies than the muses. It is polished, though not pithy; and elegant, though not interesting. But take him as he is, it is seldom indeed that the paradise of fashion has been able to boast of so poetical, and, at the same time, so acute an observer of its modes and peculiarities; and had he only been somewhat less bewildered by a fancy for celestial machinery, and aimed at pleasing the ninety-nine instead of the one in the hundred, we are confident that he would have ranked, not only among the more popular, but among the more useful and truly genuine poets of the present day.

ORIGINAL.

LEWIS AND CLARKE'S TRAVELS.

(CONTINUED FROM p. 149.)

The next day Captain Lewis resumed the road which led through a long descending valley for several miles, when they discovered two women, a man, and some dogs, on an eminence about a mile before them. A small flag was immediately unfurled, with which Captain Lewis advanced. The persons on the hill at first sat down as if to wait for him, but as he approached, the females first retreated, and the man, though he staid till Captain Lewis was within a hundred yards of him, also went off without regarding the words of friendly greeting which he addressed to him according to the instructions of the interpreter. The dogs, however, were less shy, and came close to him: he therefore thought of tying a handkerchief with some beads round the neck of one of them, and then let them go, in order to convince the fugitives of his friendly intentions; but they would not suffer themselves to be touched, and soon ran off. The two hunters now joined Captain Lewis, and they continued to follow the road.

“It was dusty and seemed to have been much used lately both by foot passengers and horsemen. They had not gone along it more than a mile, when, on a sudden, they saw three female Indians, from whom they had been concealed by the deep ravines which intersected the road till they were now within thirty paces of each other; one of them, a young woman, immediately took to flight, the other two, an elderly woman and a little girl, seeing we were too near for them to escape, sat on the ground, and, holding down their heads, seemed as if reconciled to the death which they supposed awaited them. The same habit of holding down the head and inviting the enemy to strike, when all chance of escape is gone, is preserved in Egypt to this day. Captain Lewis instantly put down his rifle, and advancing towards them, took the woman by the hand, raised her up, and repeated the word *tabba bone!* at the same time stripping up his shirt sleeve to prove that he was a white man, for his hands and face had become, by constant exposure, quite as dark as their own. She appeared im-

mediately relieved from her alarm, and Drewyer and Shields now coming up Captain Lewis gave them some beads, a few awls, pewter mirrors, and a little paint, and told Drewyer to request the woman to recall her companion who had escaped to some distance, and by alarming the Indians might cause them to attack him without any time for explanation. She did as she was desired, and the young woman returned almost out of breath: Captain Lewis gave her an equal portion of trinkets, and painted the tawny cheeks of all three of them with vermilion, a ceremony which among the Shoshonees is emblematic of peace. After they had become composed, he informed them by signs of his wish to go to their camp in order to see their chiefs and warriors; they readily obeyed, and conducted the party along the same road down the river. In this way they marched two miles, when they met a troop of nearly sixty warriors, mounted on excellent horses, riding at full speed toward them. As they advanced, Captain Lewis put down his gun, and went with the flag about fifty paces in advance. The chief, who with two men was riding in front of the main body, spoke to the women, who now explained that the party was composed of white men, and showed exultingly the presents they had received. The three men immediately leaped from their horses, came up to Captain Lewis and embraced him with great cordiality, putting their left arm over his right shoulder, and clasping his back, applying at the same time their left cheek to his, and frequently vociferating *ah hi e! ah hi e!* "I am much pleased, I am much rejoiced." The whole body of warriors now came forward, and our men received the caresses, and no small share of the grease and paint of their new friends. After this fraternal embrace, of which the motive was much more agreeable than the manner, Captain Lewis lighted a pipe and offered it to the Indians, who had now seated themselves in a circle around the party. But before they would receive this mark of friendship they pulled off their moccasins, a custom, as we afterward learnt, which indicates the sacred sincerity of their professions when they smoke with a stranger, and which imprecates on themselves the misery of going barefoot for ever, if they are faithless to their words; a penalty by no means light to those who rove over the thorny plains of their country. It is not unworthy to remark the analogy which some of the customs of those wild children of the wilderness bear to those recorded in holy writ. Moses is admonished to pull off his shoes, for the place on which he stood was holy ground. Why this was enjoined as an act of peculiar reverence; whether it was from the circumstance that in the arid region in which the patriarch

then resided it was deemed a test of the sincerity of devotion to walk upon the burning sands barefooted, in some measure analogous to the pains inflicted by the prickly pear, does not appear. After smoking a few pipes, some trifling presents were distributed amongst them, with which they seemed very much pleased, particularly with the blue beads and the vermilion. Captain Lewis then informed the chief that the object of his visit was friendly, and should be explained as soon as he reached their camp; but that, in the meantime, as the sun was oppressive, and no water near, he wished to go there as soon as possible. They now put on their moccasins, and their chief, whose name was Cameahwait, made a short speech to the warriors. Captain Lewis then gave him the flag, which he informed him was among white men the emblem of peace, and now that he had received it was to be in future the bond of union between them. The chief then moved on, our party followed him, and the rest of the warriors in a squadron, brought up the rear. After marching a mile they were halted by the chief, who made a second harangue, on which six or eight young men rode forward to their camp, and no further regularity was observed in the order of march. At the distance of four miles from where they had first met, they reached the Indian camp, which was in a handsome level meadow on the bank of the river. Here they were introduced into an old leathern lodge which the young men, who had been sent from the party, had fitted up for their reception. After being seated on green boughs and antelope skins, one of the warriors pulled up the grass in the centre of the lodge so as to form a vacant circle of two feet diameter, in which he kindled a fire. The chief then produced his pipe and tobacco, the warriors all pulled off their moccasins, and our party was requested to take off their own. This being done, the chief lighted his pipe at the fire within the magic circle, and then retreating from it began a speech several minutes long, at the end of which he pointed the stem towards the four cardinal points of the heavens, beginning with the east and concluding with the north. After this ceremony he presented the stem in the same way to Captain Lewis, who, supposing it an invitation to smoke, put out his hand to receive the pipe, but the chief drew it back, and continued to repeat the same offer three times, after which he pointed the stem first to the heavens, then to the centre of the little circle, took three whiffs himself, and presented it again to Captain Lewis. Finding that this last offer was in good earnest, he smoked a little; the pipe was then held to each of the white men, and after they had taken a few whiffs, was given to the warriors." Vol. I. p. 362—5.

"The ceremony of smoking being concluded, Captain Lewis explained to the chief the purposes of his visit, and as by this time all the women and children of the camp had gathered around the lodge to indulge in a view of the first white men they had ever seen, he distributed among them the remainder of the small articles he had brought with him." Vol. I. p. 366.

In order to give time to the boats that were now laboriously forcing their way over the stones and sandbars of the dwindling stream, Captain Lewis determined to remain among these friendly people, and, in the meanwhile, to obtain from them all possible information respecting the country. These Indians appeared to suffer considerable privations on account of the great difficulty of procuring a regular supply of animal food and a kind of cake; made of berries and fat seemed to be their main dependence. Elk and deer are very scarce, and although antelopes are pretty abundant, yet, from their extraordinary swiftness and wind, it is almost impossible to overtake them in the chase with the fleetest horses. The Indians are therefore obliged to resort to a good deal of stratagem, and by a variety of manœuvres finally succeed in surrounding a whole herd: but even then, all the skill of the hunters is frequently baffled by the subtlety and unwearied agility of these nimble-footed animals, and it often happens that forty or fifty horsemen will be engaged half a day without obtaining more than two or three antelopes. The circumstance, too, of the natives' having no fire arms, adds much to the uncertainty of success.

Captain Lewis being now anxious to join the river party, which he presumed had by this time reached the source of the Missouri, and having gained the good will and confidence of Cameahwait, the chief of the tribe, and the most of his warriors, by convincing them that he was not in league with their enemies, now proposed, that as it was the intention of his party to remain among them a considerable time in order to trade, and to purchase horses, canoes, and other necessities for their journey to the great lake, (as they called the Pacific,) it would be best for them to accompany him to the river, where the boats were, in order to assist with their horses in bringing up the baggage and merchandise. This was, accordingly, agreed to, and the next morning they set out on horseback, Captain Lewis being also mounted with an Indian be-

hind him, and a great number of the men and women of the village following on foot. In the course of their journey, which continued several days, Captain Lewis experienced a great deal of anxiety and many embarrassments, by reason of the jealousy and unsteady resolutions of many of the warriors, who still entertained suspicions of the good faith of the white men, and were fearful of being betrayed into the hands of their enemies. Cameahwait, however, appeared to be inspired with a generous and heroic confidence that never forsook him, and on one occasion where a circumstance occurred calculated to excite alarm among his band, and incline them to discontinue their march, he sprung upon his steed and harangued them in a most spirited manner, declaring that for his own part he was not afraid to die, and calling on all those who were not afraid to proceed, to mount and follow him. This had the desired effect, and on the third day they fortunately arrived at the place where Captain Clarke with the party, were slowly moving up with the canoes.

The Indians were all transported with joy at the meeting, and Cameahwait, in the warmth of his feelings, and triumph of his confidence, gave Captain Lewis a most cordial embrace. The meeting between Sacajawea and the friends and companions of her youth, was highly interesting and pathetic.

"We soon drew near to the camp, and just as we approached it a woman made her way through the crowd toward Sacajawea, and recognising each other, they embraced with the most tender affection. The meeting of these two young women had in it something peculiarly touching, not only in the ardent manner in which their feelings were expressed, but from the real interest of their situation. They had been companions in childhood; in the war with the Minnetarees they had both been taken prisoners in the same battle; they had shared and softened the rigours of their captivity, till one of them had escaped from the Minnetarees, with scarce a hope of ever seeing her friend relieved from the hands of her enemies. While Sacajawea was renewing among the women the friendships of former days, Captain Clarke went on and was received by Captain Lewis and the chief, who, after the first embraces and salutations were over, conducted him to a sort of circular tent or shade of willows. Here he was seated on a white robe; and the chief immediately tied in his

hair six small shells resembling pearls, an ornament highly valued by these people, who procured them in the course of trade from the seacoast. The moccasins of the whole party were then taken off, and after much ceremony the smoking began. After this the conference was to be opened, and glad of an opportunity of being able to converse more intelligibly, Sacajawea was sent for; she came into the tent, sat down, and was beginning to interpret, when in the person of Cameahwait she recognised her brother: she instantly jumped up, and ran and embraced him, throwing over him her blanket, and weeping profusely: the chief was himself moved though not in the same degree. After some conversation between them she resumed her seat, and attempted to interpret for us, but her new situation seemed to overpower her, and she was frequently interrupted by her tears. After the council was finished, the unfortunate woman learnt that all her family were dead except two brothers, one of whom was absent, and a son of her eldest sister, a small boy, who was immediately adopted by her. The canoes arriving soon after, we formed a camp in a meadow on the left side, a little below the fork; took out our baggage, and by means of our sails and willow poles formed a canopy for our Indian visitors. About four o'clock the chiefs and warriors were collected, and after the customary ceremony of taking off the moccasins and smoking a pipe, we explained to them in a long harangue the purposes of our visit, making themselves one conspicuous object of the good wishes of our government, on whose strength as well as its friendly disposition we expatiated. We told them of their dependence on the will of our government for all future supplies of whatever was necessary either for their comfort or defence; that as we were sent to discover the best route by which merchandise could be conveyed to them, and no trade would be begun before our return, it was mutually advantageous that we should proceed with as little delay as possible; that we were under the necessity of requesting them to furnish us with horses to transport our baggage across the mountains, and a guide to show us the route, but that they should be amply remunerated for their horses, as well as for every other service they should render us. In the mean time our first wish was, that they should immediately collect as many horses as were necessary to transport our baggage to their village, where at our leisure we would trade with them for as many horses as they could spare." Vol. I. p. 382, 383.

Being now in the midst of a friendly and hospitable people well disposed to give them all the information they possessed relative

to the geography of the country, and such other assistance as they had it in their power to render, they began to consult as to their future operations. The information of the Indians as to the most direct way to the navigable waters of the Columbia, was very vague, and it was, therefore, thought advisable for Captain Clarke to proceed with a party of eleven, in order to traverse and explore the intermediate country; while the rest remained at the Shoshonees village to procure horses, and make other preparations for the journey. Captain Clarke was instructed that as soon as he should discover a branch of the Columbia that was navigable, he should immediately set his men to work in making canoes, and at the same time despatch a messenger to Captain Lewis, informing him of the event.

From the 18th to the 27th of August, our travellers were employed in traversing the vallies, among the Rocky Mountains, and exploring the innumerable tributary streams, that supply the greater branches of the Columbia, in order to ascertain the shortest and most practicable route to the main river.

The information of the Indians on this subject was still unsatisfactory; and Captain Clarke, after many unsuccessful researches, was at length under the necessity of returning to the encampment, not, however, without having acquired some knowledge that suggested to them the course they were next to pursue; and they now agreed, with the advice of an Indian guide, to follow the direction of a stream running to the north.

Having purchased of the Shoshonees about thirty horses, they proceeded on their journey, and after a most toilsome march of thirty days, during which they experienced all the painful alternations of extreme cold and oppressive heat, together with hunger, (their principal food being horse flesh,) they at length arrived at a spot where the river appeared to be navigable for canoes, and it was then determined to halt in order to make preparations for this mode of conveyance. Five canoes being at length finished, their horses were entrusted to the care of some friendly Indians, and the party then committed themselves to the stream, which now held its course to the west, and at the distance of sixty miles they arrived among a tribe of Indians inhabiting the banks of the river, called the Choppunnish or Pierced-nose Indians.

Continuing to descend this river which soon forms a junction with the main stream of the Columbia, they passed through a number of tribes of Indians, who all evinced a friendly disposition, and on the 17th of October arrived at the settlements of the Sokulks, who inhabit the banks of the Columbia, about four hundred miles from the Pacific.

“The Sokulks seem to be of a mild and peaceable disposition, and live in a state of comparative happiness. The men, like those on the Kimooenim, are said to content themselves with a single wife, with whom, we observe, the husband shares the labours of procuring subsistence much more than is usual among savages. What may be considered as an unequivocal proof of their good disposition, is the great respect which was shown to old age. Among other marks of it, we observed in one of the houses an old woman perfectly blind, and who, we were informed, had lived more than a hundred winters. In this state of decrepitude, she occupied the best position in the house, seemed to be treated with great kindness, and whatever she said was listened to with much attention. They are by no means intrusive, and as their fisheries supply them with a competent, if not an abundant, subsistence, although they receive thankfully whatever we choose to give, they do not importune us by begging. The fish is, indeed, their chief food, except the roots, and the casual supplies of the antelope, which, to those who have only bows and arrows, must be very scanty.” Vol. II. p. 13

Having furnished themselves with a supply of provisions, consisting of forty dogs purchased of the Indians for a few beads, knitting needles, &c. and six prairie cocks which they shot, they left the Sokulks, and commenced their journey down the main stream of the Columbia. Such was the scarcity of wood in the vicinity of the river, that they were obliged to use dried willow twigs to cook their food. They now passed many Indian houses scattered along the banks, the inhabitants of which generally appeared to be occupied in drying fish, and while, in some instances, they made signs to the strangers inviting them to land, in others they evinced symptoms of alarm, and fled at their approach. A curious incident soon afterwards occurred, that proved

they had never seen white men, and had no knowledge of the nature of fire-arms.

“In order to lighten the boats, Captain Clarke, with the two chiefs, the interpreter, and his wife, had walked across the low grounds on the left to the foot of the rapids. On the way, Captain Clarke ascended a cliff about two hundred feet above the water, from which he saw that the country on both sides of the river immediately from its cliffs, was low, and spreads itself into a level plain, extending for a great distance on all sides. To the west, at the distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, is a very high mountain covered with snow, and from its direction and appearance, he supposed to be the mount St. Helens, laid down by Vancouver, as visible from the mouth of the Columbia: there is also another mountain of a conical form, whose top is covered with snow, in a southwest direction. As Captain Clarke arrived at the lower end of the rapid before any, except one of the small canoes, he sat on a rock to wait for them, and seeing a crane fly across the river, shot it, and it fell near him. Several Indians had been before this passing on the opposite side towards the rapids, and some few, who had been nearly in front of him, being either alarmed at his appearance or the report of the gun, fled to their houses. Captain Clarke was afraid that these people had not yet heard that white men were coming; and, therefore, in order to allay their uneasiness before the whole party should arrive, he got into the small canoe with three men, and rowed over towards the houses, and while crossing, shot a duck, which fell into the water. As he approached, no person was to be seen, except three men in the plains, and they, too, fled as he came near the shore. He landed before five houses close to each other, but no one appeared, and the doors, which were of mat, were closed. He went towards one of them with a pipe in his hand, and pushing aside the mat, entered the lodge, where he found thirty-two persons, chiefly men and women, with a few children, all in the greatest consternation; some hanging down their heads, others crying and wringing their hands. He went up to them all, and shook hands with them in the most friendly manner; but their apprehensions, which had, for a moment, subsided, revived on his taking out a burning-glass, as there was no roof to the house, and lighting his pipe: he then offered it to several of the men, and distributed among the women and children some small trinkets which he carried about with him, and gradually restored some tranquillity among them. He then left this house, and directing each of

the men to go into a house, went himself to a second: here he found the inhabitants more terrified than those he had first seen; but he succeeded in pacifying them, and then visited the other houses, where the men had been equally successful. After leaving the houses he went out to sit on a rock, and beckoned to some of the men to come and smoke with him; but none of them ventured to join him till the canoes arrived with the two chiefs, who immediately explained our pacific intentions toward them. Soon after the interpreter's wife landed, and her presence dissipated all doubts of our being well disposed, since, in this country, no woman ever accompanies a war party: they, therefore, all came out and seemed perfectly reconciled; nor could we, indeed, blame them for their terrors, which were perfectly natural. They told the two chiefs that they knew we were not men; for they had seen us fall from the clouds: in fact, unperceived by them, Captain Clarke had shot the white crane, which they had seen fall just before he appeared to their eyes: the duck which he had killed also fell close by him, and as there were a few clouds flying over at the moment, they connected the fall of the birds and his sudden appearance, and believed that he had himself dropped from the clouds; the noise of the rifle, which they had never heard before, being considered merely as the sound to announce so extraordinary an event. This belief was strengthened, when, on entering the room, he brought down fire from the heavens by means of his burning-glass; we soon convinced them satisfactorily that we were only mortals, and after one of our chiefs had explained our history and objects, we all smoked together in great harmony. These people do not speak precisely the same language as the Indians above, but understand them in conversation. In a short time we were joined by many of the inhabitants from below, several of them on horseback, and all pleased to see us, and to exchange their fish and berries for a few trinkets." Vol. II. p. 20—22.

Proceeding on, they continued to pass many huts or lodges on both banks of the river, and whenever they landed, they were soon visited by the natives, who received them with great kindness. They examined every thing they saw with great attention, and were particularly gratified with the two violins that belonged to the men of the party, and which enabled them occasionally to amuse the Indians with a dance. The scarcity of wood continued to be so great, that in some places they could not procure even

dry willows sufficient to cook their meals, and were frequently indebted to the Indians for small presents of this necessary article. As they proceeded, however, a few scattered trees, either small pine, or scrubby white oak, were occasionally seen on the high and rugged hills in the neighbourhood. The river abounded with salmon, and everywhere the Indians were to be seen catching and drying them. The many falls and rapids that interrupted the navigation of the Columbia, occasioned much difficulty and danger to the travellers, and the following extract, contains one of a great number of similar instances.

“About nine o'clock we proceeded, and on leaving our camp near the lower fall, found the river about four hundred yards wide, with a current more rapid than usual, though with no perceptible descent. At the distance of two and a half miles, the river widened into a large bend or basin on the right, at the beginning of which are three huts of Indians. At the extremity of this basin stands a high black rock, which, rising perpendicularly from the right shore, seems to run wholly across the river; so totally indeed does it appear to stop the passage, that we could not see where the water escaped, except that the current appeared to be drawn with more than usual velocity to the left of the rock, where was a great roaring. We landed at the huts of the Indians, who went with us to the top of this rock, from which we saw all the difficulties of the channel. We were no longer at a loss to account for the rising of the river at the falls; for this tremendous rock stretches across the river, to meet the high hills of the left shore, leaving a channel of only forty-five yards wide, through which the whole body of the Columbia must press its way. The water thus forced into so narrow a channel, is thrown into whirls, and swells and boils in every part with the wildest agitation. But the alternative of carrying the boats over this high rock was almost impossible in our present situation, and as the chief danger seemed to be not from any rocks in the channel, but from the great waves and whirlpools, we resolved to try the passage in our boats, in hopes of being able, by dexterous steering, to escape. This we attempted, and with great care were able to get through, to the astonishment of all the Indians of the huts we had just passed, who now collected to see us from the top of the rock. The channel continues thus confined within a space of about half a mile, when the rock ceased.” Vol. II. p. 36, 37.

At no great distance below these rapids, they were made sensible of their approach to the Pacific by the appearance of some articles obtained from white men, such, for instance, as a sailor's jacket worn by an Indian, and shortly afterward, upon entering a house, they met with a British musket, a cutlass, and several brass kettles, which the owners appeared to set great store by.

From the circumstance of canoes loaded with fish and bear-grass frequently descending the river, it appeared that the Indians find a market for these commodities, toward the mouth of the Columbia.

"We cannot learn precisely the nature of the trade carried on by the Indians with the inhabitants below. But as their knowledge of the whites seems to be very imperfect, and the only articles which they carry to market, such as pounded fish, bear-grass, and roots, cannot be an object of much foreign traffic, their intercourse appears to be an intermediate trade with the natives near the mouth of the Columbia: from them these people obtain in exchange for their fish, roots, and bear-grass, blue and white beads, copper tea-kettles, brass arm-bands, some scarlet and blue robes, and a few articles of old European clothing. But their great object is to obtain beads, an article which holds the first place in their ideas of relative value, and to procure which they will sacrifice their last article of clothing, or the last mouthful of food. Independently of their fondness for them as an ornament, these beads are the medium of trade, by which they obtain from the Indians still higher up the river, robes, skins, chapel bread, bear-grass, &c. Those Indians, in turn, employ them to procure from the Indians in the Rocky Mountains, bear-grass, pachico, roots, robes, &c." Vol. II. p. 56, 57.

They now passed a rapid, which proved to be the last of all the descents of the Columbia, and soon afterward they arrived at the line of tide water. The river widened to the extent of a mile, and the meadows and mountains on each side appeared covered with pine, cotton wood, ash, and alder. This circumstance was not only useful in supplying them with fuel, but was particularly grateful to the eye, after being so long undelighted by the dreary nakedness of the country above. The river soon after became two and a half miles wide; and water fowl, such as

swans, geese, and ducks, appeared in great numbers. Further on they met fifteen Indians ascending the river, from whom they obtained information of there being three vessels at the mouth of the Columbia, but of what nation they could not understand. Other Indians, a few days afterward, made their appearance on the shore with scarlet and blue blankets, sailors' jackets and trowsers, shirts and hats, and some of them were armed and equipped with muskets and pistols, and tin powder flasks. Upon landing to prepare their dinner, the party was soon visited by these and others of the same tribe, (the Skilloots.) They proved to be very assuming and disagreeable companions, and much addicted to stealing; for they stole the pipe which was handed them to smoke as the pledge of friendship, and, at the same time, purloined some of the men's clothes. Finding the strangers not disposed to submit to such liberties, they showed their displeasure in the only manner they dared, by returning in an ill humour to their village.

Two days afterward they passed through a ridge of low mountains running northwest and southeast, which cross the river, and form the western boundary of a beautiful plain about sixty miles wide, and extending on the right and left to a very great distance: it had every appearance of a rich and fertile country, shaded by thick groves of tall timber, watered by small ponds, and extending on both sides of the river. It is inhabited by numerous tribes of Indians, who either reside in it permanently, or visit its waters in quest of fish, and the nutritious wappatoo root. Captain Lewis gave it the name of the Columbia Valley.

The next material event was of a nature so gratifying and interesting, that we shall mention it in the words of the original.

"After remaining with them about an hour, we proceeded down the channel with an Indian dressed in a sailor's jacket for our pilot, and on reaching the main channel were visited by some Indians who have a temporary residence on a marshy island in the middle of the river, where is a great abundance of water fowl. Here the mountainous country again approaches the river on the left, and a higher mountain is distinguished towards the southwest. At a distance of twenty miles from our camp we halted at a village of Wahkiacums, consisting of seven ill-looking houses, built in the same form with

those above, and situated at the foot of the high hills on the right, behind two small marshy islands. We merely stopped to purchase some food and two beaver skins, and then proceeded. Opposite to these islands the hills on the left retire, and the river widens into a kind of bay crowded with low islands, subject to be overflowed occasionally by the tide. We had not gone far from this village when the fog cleared off, and we enjoyed the delightful prospect of the ocean; that ocean, the object of all our labours, the reward of all our anxieties. This cheering view exhilarated the spirits of all the party, who were still more delighted on hearing the distant roar of the breakers. We went on with great cheerfulness under the high mountainous country which continued along the right bank; the shore was, however, so bold and rocky, that we could not, until going fourteen miles from the last village, find any spot fit for an encampment. At that distance, having made during the day thirty-four miles, we spread our mats on the ground, and passed the night in the rain." Vol. II. p. 70.

It had already been raining for three days, but this proved to be merely the prelude to the succession of wet and stormy weather that continued for seven days more to drench and oppress them, without an interval of more than two hours during all that time. A few days of fair weather enabled them to dry their baggage, and recruit their strength, and they soon reached the bay which forms the mouth of the Columbia. From the 16th of November to the 8th of December, they were employed in exploring the shores of the bay and ocean, and visiting the capes and headlands around the mouth of the river, which is seven miles wide, principally with a view of selecting a safe and convenient spot for their winter quarters. In the mean time the rains had again commenced, and for thirty days they hardly enjoyed intervals of fair weather sufficient to dry their clothes and baggage. These deluges of rain were frequently attended with hail, and the most boisterous winds, which rolled in a tremendous surf on the shores, and rendered the bay almost innavigable by the canoes.

Having finished and fortified their huts, they prepared themselves in other respects to pass the winter on this uncomfortable coast. By means of beads and other trinkets they were enabled to purchase of the Indians, beaver and other skins for making

their clothes, as well as fish and roots for their table, while their muskets supplied them with elk and wild fowl. Of all the articles of traffic, blue beads were the most highly prized.

“These people proceed with a dexterity and finesse in their bargains, which, if they have not learnt from their foreign visitors, it may show how nearly allied is the cunning of savages to the little arts of traffic. They begin by asking double or treble the value of what they have to sell, and lower their demand in proportion to the greater or less degree of ardour or knowledge of the purchaser, who with all his management is not able to procure the article for less than its real value, which the Indians perfectly understand. Our chief medium of trade consists of blue and white beads, files with which they sharpen their tools, fish-hooks, and tobacco: but of all these articles blue beads and tobacco are the most esteemed.” Vol. II. p. 98.

A particular enumeration and account of the various tribes of Indians inhabiting the coast on both sides of the Columbia, is contained in the work, which the limits of the present abstract compel us to pass by; and we can only afford to make a few extracts relative to some of the manners and customs of the Killamucks, Clatsops, Chinooks, and Cathlamahs, with whom our travellers had the most intercourse during their winter residence at the mouth of the Columbia. Among the tribes residing on the banks of the great branch of this river, which they descended on leaving the rocky mountains, the manner of disposing of their dead was by placing them on scaffolds under sheds, after wrapping the bodies carefully up in leather robes and mats. With the nations along the coast the custom is similar, the chief difference consisting in depositing the bodies in canoes suspended above the ground, instead of laying them on boards; the following is a description of one of these aerial cemeteries.

“The Chinooks, Clatsops, and most of the adjoining nations, dispose of the dead in canoes. For this purpose a scaffold is erected, by fixing perpendicularly in the ground four long pieces of split timber. These are placed two by two just wide enough apart to admit the canoe, and sufficiently long to support its two extremities. The boards are connected by a bar of wood through them at the height

of six feet, on which is placed a small canoe containing the body of the deceased, carefully wrapped in a robe of dressed skins, with a paddle, and some articles belonging to the deceased, by his side. Over this canoe is placed one of a larger size, reversed, with its gunwale resting on the crossbars, so as to cover the body completely. One or more large mats of rushes or flags are then rolled round the canoes, and the whole secured by cords usually made of the bark of the white cedar. On these crossbars are hung different articles of clothing, or culinary utensils. The method practised by the Killamucks differs somewhat from this: the body being deposited in an oblong box of plank, which, with the paddle, and other articles, is placed in a canoe, resting on the ground. With the religious opinions of these people we are but little acquainted, since we understand their language too imperfectly to converse on a subject so abstract." Vol. II. p. 120.

Vancouver, in his account of the Indians further north, and towards Nootka sound, relates the same custom; and Commodore Porter, in his Journal, mentions a similar practice in the island of Nooaheevah; at least, he mentions the circumstance of a canoe being arranged in a peculiar manner for the purpose, as the natives told him, of conveying one of their deceased priests to the other world; with the addition, however, of ten dead bodies of their enemies to paddle the boat to the happy shore, eight of which were already provided, and his reverence was patiently waiting for the full complement of his ghostly crew. It is not improbable that the same superstition is the cause of the practice along the coast, and on the banks of the Columbia.

The practice of flattening the head is universal among all the Indians that were met with west of the Rocky Mountains; to the eastward of which it is altogether unknown.

"Soon after the birth of her child, the mother, anxious to procure for her infant the recommendation of a broad forehead, places it in the compressing machine, where it is kept for ten or twelve months; though the females remain longer than the boys. The operation is so gradual, that it is not attended with pain; but the impression is deep and permanent. The heads of the children, when they are released from the bandage, are not more than two inches thick about the upper edge of the forehead, and still thinner above; nor with all

its efforts can nature ever restore its shape; the heads of grown persons being often in a straight line from the nose to the top of the forehead." Vol. II. p. 131, 132.

Women, among the savages of our continent, are generally treated as slaves; but, as it is well observed by Captain Lewis, where the women are able to take an active part in procuring subsistence for the tribe, they are treated with more equality, and their importance is proportioned to the share they take in that labour; while among nations where this subsistence is chiefly procured by the men, the women are considered and treated as incumbrances.

"Thus, among the Clatsops and Chinooks, who live upon fish and roots, which the women are equally expert with the men in procuring, the former have a rank and influence very rarely found among Indians. The females are permitted to speak freely before the men, to whom, indeed, they sometimes address themselves in a tone of authority. On many subjects their judgments and opinions are respected, and in matters of trade, their advice is generally asked and pursued. The labours of the family, too, are shared almost equally. The men collect wood and make fires, assist in cleansing the fish, make the houses, canoes, and wooden utensils; and whenever strangers are to be entertained, or a great feast prepared, the meats are cooked and served up by the men. The peculiar province of the female is to collect roots, and to manufacture the various articles which are formed of rushes, flags, cedar-bark, and bear-grass; but the management of the canoes, and many of the occupations, which elsewhere devolves wholly on the female, are here common to both sexes." Vol. II. p. 137, 138.

The use of spirituous liquors appeared to be totally unknown among these people; they never, at least, made any inquiry after them. Pure water, indeed, seemed to be the only drink among all the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains, though they sometimes almost intoxicate themselves by smoking tobacco, and retaining the smoke a long time in their lungs and stomachs, till it issues in volumes from the mouth and nostrils. Their prevalent vice is an excessive propensity to games of hazard, one of which

consists in guessing in which hand a little stone is held, and the other is similar to the game of nine pins.

“Entire days are wasted at these games, which are often continued through the night round the blaze of their fires, till the last article of clothing, or even the last blue bead, is won from the desperate adventurer.” Vol. II. p. 140.

The seventh chapter of the second volume consists of a general description of the beasts, birds, plants, &c. found by the party in their expedition thus far, and is by no means the least interesting part of the work. The only notice we are permitted to take of it on the present occasion is merely by making the following brief extract.

“The trees of a larger growth are very abundant; the whole neighbourhood of the coast is supplied with great quantities of excellent timber. The predominating growth is the fir, of which we have seen several species. There is one singular circumstance attending all the pine of this country, which is, that when consumed it yields not the slightest particle of ashes. The first species grows to an immense size, and is very commonly twenty-seven feet in circumference six feet above the earth's surface: they rise to the height of two hundred and thirty feet, and one hundred and twenty of that height without a limb. We have often found them thirty-six feet in circumference. One of our party measured one, and found it to be forty-two feet in circumference, at a point beyond the reach of an ordinary man. This trunk, for the distance of two hundred feet, was destitute of limbs; this tree was perfectly sound, and at a moderate calculation, its size may be estimated at three hundred feet.” Vol. II. p. 155.

On the 23d of March our travellers prepared to quit their winter quarters, and retrace their steps through their long route of nearly four thousand miles. The stock of goods on which they were to depend for the purchase of horses or of food, had become so much diminished, that it all might have been contained in two handkerchiefs; but they had plenty of powder and lead, and their guns were in good order; besides, they calculated on

some articles which they had secured in their *chaches*, as before mentioned.

After a great variety of adventures in ascending the river, and experiencing many difficulties in supplying themselves not only with food, but with fuel to cook it, they arrived, on the tenth of May, at the Choppunnish village, where they had been treated before with much hospitality. For some considerable time before this, it had become necessary to abandon their canoes, and provide themselves with horses. Many of these, however, they had been obliged to kill for their subsistence; for the game had become very scarce, and the salmon had not yet ascended the river. Indeed, some of the tribes farther up the country were almost in a state of starvation, and they met several families coming down in quest of food. The Choppunnish chiefs being collected, Captain Lewis represented to them the situation of the party with respect to provisions; when they evinced their generosity and kindness in the manner as follows:

“The chief spoke to the people, who immediately brought about two bushels of dried quamash roots, some cakes of the roots of cows, and a dried salmon trout: we thanked them for this supply, but observed that, not being accustomed to live on roots alone, we feared that such diet might make our men sick, and therefore proposed to exchange one of our good horses, which was rather poor, for one that was fatter, and which we might kill. The hospitality of the chief was offended at the idea of an exchange; he observed that his people had an abundance of young horses, and that if we were disposed to use that food, we might have as many as we wanted. Accordingly, they soon gave us two fat young horses, without asking any thing in return; an act of liberal hospitality much greater than any we have witnessed since crossing the Rocky Mountains, if it be not, in fact, the only really hospitable treatment we have received in this part of the world. We killed one of the horses, and then telling the natives that we were fatigued and hungry, and that as soon as we were refreshed, we would communicate freely with them, began to prepare our repast. During this time, a principal chief, called Hohastillpilp, came from his village about six miles distant, with a party of fifty men, for the purpose of visiting us. We invited him into our circle; and he alighted and smoked with us, while his retinue who had five elegant horses, continued mounted at a short distance.

While this was going on, the chief had a large leathern tent spread for us, and desired that we would make that our home whilst we remained at his village. We removed there, and having made a fire, and cooked a supper of horse-beef and roots, collected all the distinguished men present, and spent the evening explaining who we were, the objects of our journey, and giving answers to their inquiries. To each of the chiefs, Tunnachemootoolt, and Hohastillpilp, we gave a small medal, explaining their use and importance, as honorary distinctions both among the whites and red men. Our men are delighted at once more having made a hearty meal." Vol. II. p. 279, 280.

In explaining to this hospitable people the views of our government in regard to the Indian nations, it became necessary to resort to the following process of translation.

"It was not without difficulty, nor till after nearly half the day was spent, that we were able to convey all this information to the Chopunnish, much of which might have been lost or distorted, in its circuitous route through a variety of languages; for, in the first place, we spoke in English to one of our men, who translated it into French to Chaboneau; he interpreted it to his wife in the Minnetaree language, and she then put it into Shoshonee, and the young Shoshonee prisoner explained it to the Chopunnish in their own dialect." Vol. II. p. 281.

The Chopunnish are represented as among the most amiable people our travellers had met with; they are, in general, stout, well formed, and active; many of them with aquiline noses, and faces cheerful and agreeable, though without any indications of gayety or mirth. Their character is placid and gentle; their innocent amusements consist in running races, shooting with arrows at a target, while, at the same time, they are unfortunately addicted to the prevailing vice of gambling. They are very desirous of procuring muskets, as they have been made sensible of the superiority of their enemies beyond the mountains, by means of fire-arms. One of their bands already possessed six, which they had acquired of the Minnetarees.

As the party had quit their situation at the mouth of the Columbia earlier than they had at first intended, on account of the

scarcity of provisions, so now, on the other hand, they were delayed at the foot of the Rocky Mountains by reason of the badness of the roads, if so they may be called; they being very deep and slippery, and many of the creeks too deep to ford; besides, there was no grass as yet for their horses. About the middle of June, however, they were enabled to resume their journey, and having arrived in the midst of the mountains, it was determined to form the party into two divisions, which, for the purpose of more extensively exploring the country, were to pursue different routes, and finally form a junction at the mouth of the Yellow Stone river, on the Missouri. After a multiplicity of adventures, dangers, and hardships, of which it is not possible, in the present sketch, to give even a summary, the two parties arrived safe at the place designated, within a few days of each other.

In descending the river, they revisited the Minnetarees, and their old friends the Mandans, of which latter nation, the chief, named the Big White, with his wife and son, agreed to accompany them to the United States. The Mandans having been attacked by the Ricaras, notwithstanding the pacification which Captain Lewis had effected, when descending the Missouri, a counsel was held on the subject with the chiefs of both nations, and they engaged to live in harmony together for the future.

Immense herds of buffaloes again made their appearance, as when ascending the river. Near the entrance of White River, some of the party being on shore, they discovered from an eminence so vast a multitude of these animals that they computed them to amount to at least twenty thousand in sight at one time; and farther up, a herd happened to be crossing the river as the travellers were approaching in their canoes. Such was the prodigious number of these beasts, that, although the river, including an island over which they passed, was a mile over, the herd stretched, as thick as they could swim, from one side to the other, and the party was obliged to stop for an hour, in order to let them pass. About forty-five miles below this place, they fell in with two other herds, as numerous as the first, crossing the river in like manner. The Indians have a murderous mode of hunting these animals, by which hundreds of them are killed in a minute, as will appear from the following account.

"The mode of hunting is to select one of the most active and fleet young men, who is disguised by a buffalo skin round his body; the skin of the head with the ears and horns fastened on his own head in such a way as to deceive the buffalo: thus dressed, he fixes himself at a convenient distance between a herd of buffalo and any of the river precipices, which sometimes extend for some miles. His companions in the meantime get in the rear and side of the herd, and at a given signal show themselves, and advance toward the buffalo; they instantly take the alarm, and finding the hunters beside them, they run towards the disguised Indian or decoy, who leads them on at full speed towards the river, when suddenly securing himself in some crevice of the cliff which he had previously fixed on, the herd is left on the brink of the precipice; it is then in vain for the foremost to retreat, or even to stop; they are pressed on by the hindmost rank, who seeing no danger but from the hunters, goad on those before them till the whole are precipitated, and the shore is strewed with their dead bodies. Sometimes in this perilous seduction the Indian is himself either trodden under foot by the rapid movements of the buffalo, or, missing his footing in the cliff, is urged down the precipice by the falling herd. The Indians then select as much meat as they wish, and the rest is abandoned to the wolves, and create a most dreadful stench. The wolves who had been feasting on these carcasses were very fat, and so gentle that one of them was killed with an espontoon." Vol. I. p. 235.

In their passage up the Missouri, they passed a precipice about one hundred and twenty feet high, under which lay scattered the fragments of at least one hundred carcasses of buffaloes, destroyed in this manner; although the water which had washed away the lower part of the hill, must have carried off many of the dead.

From the 1st to the 20th of August the party continued their passage rapidly down the stream, occasionally landing at the invitation of the natives, and at other times waiting for the return of the hunters, who were frequently sent out in quest of deer and buffalo. On the 20th they approached the little French village of Charrette, and upon seeing some cows feeding on the bank, the whole party spontaneously raised a shout of joy at beholding this cheering signal of civilization and domestic life, after a long absence of two years and four months. On the 23d

they once more floated on the waters of the Mississippi, and on the same day arrived at the town of St. Louis, from which they had set out, and where they were received with the most animated greetings, and treated with the kindest hospitality.

Thus terminated an expedition conducted and sustained throughout with the greatest skill, courage, and fortitude, with the loss of only one man, who died of sickness on their passage up the river, and occasioning the death of only two Indians, who were killed from necessity while in the act of committing a most daring and violent robbery of the horses and muskets belonging to a detachment of the party under the immediate command of Captain Lewis, near the head of the Missouri.

Annexed to the second volume is an Appendix, containing observations by Captain Lewis on the future state of Upper Louisiana, in relation to the government of the Indian nations inhabiting that country, and the trade and intercourse with the same. These remarks are of a very important nature, and do great credit to the penetration and discernment of the unfortunate author who came to his untimely and melancholy end, before he had finished his speculations on the subject.

In giving an opinion on the literary character of this interesting history, of which we have exhibited but a very meager and imperfect sketch, we are somewhat at a loss to whom to ascribe the authorship. It appears that a minute journal was kept by Captain Lewis, or Captain Clarke, and sometimes by both, containing the incidents of each day during the expedition, and that after the death of Captain Lewis, the gentleman with whom the papers were deposited, was assisted by Captain Clarke in digesting and preparing the work for publication. At all events, however, the task, we have no hesitation in saying, has been ably, and, we believe, faithfully, performed. The form of a journal has been judiciously, we think, retained by the editor, as a mode peculiarly adapted to narratives of this description. The reader, if he takes a deep interest in the fate of the expedition, is likely to feel a curiosity to accompany the adventurers at every step of the enterprise, to watch the process and result of every experiment in opening a path through the untrodden wilds of nature, and to be present, as it were, to witness the various emotions and

sensations, either of apprehension, anxiety, surprise, or joy, among the actors in the scene, excited by the novel and strange events that are every hour occurring, and by which the fate or fortunes of the adventurers may be so materially affected. Now the journal, by keeping the transactions of every day by themselves, admits of more minute and distinct detail, and by confining our attention, for the time, to a narrower sphere of events, seems to make a deeper impression on the mind, and leads us, as it were, to realize the scene. We almost imagine ourselves to be of the party; and the journal seems like a vehicle by which we are enabled to keep pace with the travellers.

The style and manner of the work are such as they always ought to be in compositions of this nature; unostentatious and perspicuous; the language is expressive, without a redundancy of epithet; the observations and reflections occasionally introduced, are sensible and well timed; and the descriptive parts, simple and precise, without appearing to be aided by the arts of exaggeration.

We cannot omit the present opportunity of expressing our disgust at the manner which certain typographical gentlemen in Philadelphia, and elsewhere, though more particularly in Philadelphia, have adopted, in printing proper names and names of places compounded either of an adjective and substantive, or of two substantives, whereof the former is used adjectively. Their practice is to connect the two words so as to make them appear as one word of two syllables. Innumerable instances of this kind occur in the edition of the present work, and the following are a few specimens, viz. *Lookout bend*, *Goodhope island*, *Whitebrant creek*, *Whiteearth river*, *Yellowstone river*, *Muscleshell river*, *Grapevines*, *Chokecherries*, and, among the rest, *Newyork*; and in other places we have seen *Newlondon*, *Neworleans*, and, worse than all, *Longisland*! This tasteless and niggardly innovation, offends, at the same moment, the sight, the sound, and the sense. It tends to obliterate the clearest vestiges of etymology, disfigures the features of the letter press, gives a vulgar and insignificant cast to the most dignified proper names, and has a continual proneness to mar the sound by its strange and unnatural mixture of distinct words, that were never made to be melted down into

petty syllables, for the mere convenience of a work shop. To a foreigner, who is not perfectly familiar with our language, it must be particularly perplexing. It not only prevents him from perceiving the derivation and meaning of the name, but by throwing a mist before his eyes, renders him continually liable to fall into the most ridiculous blunders of pronunciation. He might well exclaim, in the words of the good Pantagruel, "What devilish language is this? By the Lord, I think thou art some kind of heretic."

B.

A Biographical Sketch of Thomas Campbell.

[This sketch was designed for a biographical preface to an American edition of Campbell's poems, and was originally published in that form some time ago. It has now been revised, corrected, and materially altered by the author.]

It has long been deplored by authors as a lamentable truth, that they seldom receive impartial justice from the world while living. The grave seems to be the ordeal to which their names must be subjected, and from whence, if worthy of immortality, they rise with pure and imperishable lustre. Here many, who have flourished in unmerited popularity, descend into oblivion; and it may literally be said, that "they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Here likewise, many an ill-starred author, after struggling with penury and neglect, and starving through a world which he has enriched by his talents, sinks to rest, and becomes a theme of universal admiration and regret. The sneers of the cynical, the detractions of the envious, the scoffings of the ignorant, are silenced at the hallowed precincts of the tomb; and the world awakens to a sense of his value, when he is removed beyond its patronage for ever. Monuments are erected to his memory, books are written in his praise, and thousands will devour with avidity the biography of a man, whose life was passed unheeded before their eyes. He is like some canonized saint, at whose shrine treasures are lavished, and clouds of incense offered up, though, while living, the slow hand of charity withheld the pittance that would have soothed his miseries.



Thomas Campbell Esq^r

Engraved for the Analectic Magazine Published by Mr. Thomas D.

PHILAD.^A

But this tardiness in awarding merit its due, this preference continually shown to departed, over living authors, of perhaps superior excellence, may be attributed to a more charitable source than that of envy or ill nature. The latter are continually before our eyes, exposed to the full glare of scrutinizing familiarity. We behold them subject to the same foibles and frailties with ourselves, and, from the constitutional delicacy of their minds, and their irritable sensibilities, prone to more than ordinary caprices. The former, on the contrary, are seen only through the magic medium of their works. We form our opinion of the whole flow of their minds, and the tenor of their dispositions, from the writings they have left behind. We witness nothing of the mental exhaustion and languor which follow these gushes of genius. We behold the stream only in the fulness of its current, and conclude that it has always been equally profound in its depth, pure in its wave, and majestic in its career.

With respect to the living writers of Europe, however, we may be said, on this side of the Atlantic, to be placed in some degree in the situation of posterity. The vast ocean that rolls between us, like a space of time, removes us beyond the sphere of personal favour, personal prejudice, or personal familiarity. A European work, therefore, appears before us depending simply on its intrinsic merits. We have no private friendship, nor party purpose, to serve, by magnifying the author's merits; and, in sober sadness, the humble state of our national literature places us far below any feeling of national rivalry.

But, while our local situation thus enables us to exercise the enviable impartiality of posterity, it is evident we must share likewise in one of its disadvantages. We are in as complete ignorance respecting the biography of most living authors of celebrity, as though they had existed ages before our time; and, indeed, are better informed concerning the character and lives of authors who have long since passed away, than of those who are actually adding to the stores of European literature. A proof of this assertion will be furnished in the following sketch, which, unsatisfactory as it is, contains all the information we can collect, concerning a British poet of rare and exquisite endowments.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born at Glasgow, on the 27th of September, 1777. He is the youngest son of Mr. Alexander Campbell, late merchant of Glasgow; a gentleman of the most unblemished integrity and amiable manners, who united the scholar and the man of business, and, amidst the corroding cares and sordid habits of trade, cherished a liberal and enthusiastic love of literature. He died at a very advanced age, in the spring of 1801, and the event is mentioned in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, with high encomiums on his moral and religious character.

It may not be uninteresting to the American reader to know that Mr. Campbell, the poet, has very near connexions in this country; and, indeed, to this circumstance may be in some measure attributed the liberal sentiments he has frequently expressed concerning America. His father resided, for many years of his youth, at Falmouth, in Virginia, but returned to Europe about fifty years since. His uncle, who had accompanied his father, settled permanently in Virginia, where his family has uniformly maintained a highly respectable character. One of his sons was district attorney under the administration of Washington, and died in 1795. He was a man of uncommon talents, and particularly distinguished for his eloquence. Robert Campbell also, a brother of the poet, settled in Virginia, where he married a daughter of the celebrated Patrick Henry. He died about the year 1803.

The genius of Mr. Campbell showed itself almost in his infancy. At the age of seven he possessed a vivacity of imagination, and a vigour of mind, surprising in such early youth. A strong inclination for poetry was already discernible in him; and, indeed, it was not more than two years after this that we are told "he began to try his wings." These bright dawnings of intellect, united to uncommon personal beauty, a winning gentleness and modesty of manners, and a generous sensibility of heart, made him an object of universal favour and admiration.

There is scarcely any obstacle more fatal to the full development and useful application of talent than an early display of genius. The extravagant caresses lavished upon it by the light and injudicious, are too apt to beget a self-confidence in the possessor, and render him impatient of the painful discipline of

study ; without which genius, at best, is irregular, ungovernable, and oftentimes splendidly erroneous.

Perhaps there is no country in the world where this error is less frequent than in Scotland. The Scotch are a philosophical, close-thinking people. Wary, and distrustful of external appearances and first impressions, stern examiners into the *utility* of things, and cautious in dealing out the dole of applause, their admiration follows tardily in the rear of their judgment, and even when they admire, they do it with peculiar rigidity of muscle. This spirit of rigorous rationality is peculiarly evident in the management of youthful genius ; which, instead of meeting with enervating indulgence, is treated with a Spartan severity of education, tasked to the utmost extent of its powers, and made to undergo a long and laborious probation, before it is permitted to emerge into notoriety. The consequence is, an uncommon degree of skill and vigour in their writers. They are rendered diligent by constant habits of study, powerful by science, graceful by the elegant accomplishments of the scholar, and prompt and adroit in the management of their talents, by the frequent contests and exercises of the schools.

From the foregoing observations may be gathered the kind of system adopted with respect to young Campbell. His early display of genius, instead of making him the transient wonder of the drawing room, and the *enfant gaté* of the tea table, consigned him to the rigid discipline of the academy. At the age of seven he commenced the study of the Latin language under the care of the Rev. David Alison, a teacher of distinguished reputation in Scotland. At twelve he entered the university of Glasgow, and in the following year gained a bursary on bishop Leighton's foundation, for a translation of one of the comedies of Aristophanes, which he executed in verse. This triumph was the more honourable, from being gained, after a hard contest, over a rival candidate of nearly twice his age, who was considered one of the best scholars in the university. His second prize exercise was the translation of a tragedy of Æschylus, likewise in verse, which he gained without opposition, as none of the students would enter the lists with him. He continued seven years in the university, during which time his talents and application were testified by

yearly academical prizes. He was particularly successful in his translations from the Greek, in which language he took great delight; and on receiving his last prize for one of these performances, the Greek professor publicly pronounced it the best that had ever been produced in the university.

Moral philosophy was likewise a favourite study with Mr. Campbell; and, indeed, he applied himself to gain an intimate acquaintance with the whole circle of sciences. But though, in the prosecution of his studies, he attended the academical courses both of law and physic, it was merely as objects of curiosity, and branches of general knowledge, for he never devoted himself to any particular study with a view to prepare himself for a profession. On the contrary, his literary passion was already so strong, that he could never, for a moment, endure the idea of confining himself to the dull round of business, or engaging in the absorbing pursuits of common life.

In this he was most probably confirmed by the indulgence of a fond father, whose ardent love of literature made him regard the promising talents of his son with pride and sanguine anticipation. At one time, it is true, a part of his family expressed a wish that he should be fitted for the church, but this was completely overruled by the rest, and he was left, without further opposition, to the impulse of his own genius, and the seductions of the muse.

After leaving the university he passed some time among the mountains of Argyleshire, at the seat of Colonel Napier, a descendant of Napier Baron Merchiston, the celebrated inventor of logarithms. It is probable that from this gentleman he first imbibed his taste and knowledge of the military art, traces of which are to be seen throughout his poems. From Argyleshire he went to Edinburgh, where the reputation he had acquired at the university gained him a favourable reception into the distinguished circle of science and literature for which that city is renowned. Among others he was particularly honoured by the notice of professors Stewart and Playfair. Nothing could be more advantageous for a youthful poet, than to commence his career under such auspices. To the expansion of mind and elevation of thought produced by the society of such celebrated men, may we ascribe, in a great measure, the philosophic spirit, and moral sub-

limity displayed in his first production, the *Pleasures of Hope*, which was written during his residence at Edinburgh. He was not more than twenty when he wrote this justly celebrated poem, and it was published in the following year.

The popularity of this work at once introduced the author to the notice and patronage of the first people of Great Britain. At first, indeed, it promised but little pecuniary advantage, as he unfortunately disposed of the copyright for an inconsiderable sum. This, however, was in some measure remedied by the liberality of his publisher, who, finding that his book ran through two editions in the course of a few months, permitted him to publish a splendid edition for himself, by which means he was enabled, in some measure, to participate in the golden harvest of his labours.

About this time the passion for German literature raged in all its violence in Great Britain, and the universal enthusiasm with which it was admired, awakened, in the inquiring mind of our author, a desire of studying it at the fountain head. This, added to his curiosity to visit foreign parts, induced him to embark for Germany in the year 1800. He had originally fixed upon the college of Jena for his first place of residence, but on arriving at Hamburgh he found, by the public prints, that a victory had been gained by the French near Ulm, and that Munich and the heart of Bavaria were the theatre of an interesting war. "One moment's sensation," he observes, in a letter to a relation in this country, "the single hope of seeing human nature exhibited in its most dreadful attitude, overturned my past decisions. I got down to the seat of war some weeks before the summer armistice of 1800, and indulged in what you will call the criminal curiosity of witnessing blood and desolation. Never shall time efface from my memory the recollection of that hour of astonishment and suspended breath, when I stood with the good monks of St. Jacob, to overlook a charge of Klenaw's cavalry upon the French under Grennier, encamped below us. We saw the fire given and returned, and heard distinctly the sound of the French *pas de charge* collecting the lines to attack in close column. After three hours' awaiting the issue of a severe action, a park of artillery was opened just beneath the walls of the monastery, and several wagoners, that were stationed to convey the wounded in spring wagons, were

killed in our sight." This awful spectacle he has described with all the poet's fire, in his *Battle of Hohenlinden*; a poem which perhaps contains more grandeur and martial sublimity than is to be found anywhere else, in the same compass of English poetry.

Mr. Campbell afterwards proceeded to Ratisbon, where he was at the time it was taken possession of by the French, and expected, as an Englishman, to be made prisoner; but he observes, "Moreau's army was under such excellent discipline, and the behaviour both of officers and men so civil, that I soon mixed among them without hesitation, and formed many agreeable acquaintances at the messes of their brigade stationed in town, to which their *chef de brigade* often invited me. This worthy man, Colonel Le Fort, whose kindness I shall ever remember with gratitude, gave me a protection to pass through the whole army of Moreau."

After this he visited different parts of Germany, in the course of which he paid one of the casual taxes on travelling; being plundered among the Tyrolese mountains, by a Croat, of his clothes, his books, and thirty ducats in gold. About midwinter he returned to Hamburgh, where he remained four months, in the expectation of accompanying a young gentleman of Edinburgh in a tour to Constantinople. His unceasing thirst for knowledge, and his habits of industrious application, prevented these months from passing heavily or unprofitably. His time was chiefly employed in reading German, and making himself acquainted with the principles of Kant's philosophy; from which, however, he seems soon to have turned with distaste, to the richer and more interesting field of German belles-lettres.

While in Germany an edition of his *Pleasures of Hope* was proposed for publication in Vienna, but was forbidden by the court, in consequence of those passages which relate to Kosciusko, and the partition of Poland. Being disappointed in his projected visit to Constantinople, he returned to England in 1801, after nearly a year's absence, which had been passed much to his satisfaction and improvement, and had stored his mind with grand and awful images. "I remember," says he, "how little I valued the art of painting before I got into the heart of such impressive scenes; but in Germany I would have given any thing to have possessed

an art capable of conveying ideas inaccessible to speech and writing. Some particular scenes were, indeed, rather overcharged with that degree of the terrific which oversteps the sublime, and I own my flesh yet creeps at the recollection of *spring wagons and hospitals*—but the sight of Ingolstadt in ruins, or Hohenlinden covered with fire, seven miles in circumference, were spectacles never to be forgotten.”

On returning to England he visited London, for the first time, where, though unprovided with a single letter of introduction, the celebrity of his writings procured him the immediate notice and attentions of the best society. His recent visit to the continent, however, had increased rather than gratified his desire to travel. He now contemplated another tour, for the purpose of improving himself in the knowledge of foreign languages and foreign manners, in the course of which he intended to visit Italy and pass some time at Rome. From this plan he was diverted, most probably, by an attachment he formed to a Miss Sinclair, a distant relation, whom he married in 1803. This change in his situation naturally put an end to all his wandering propensities, and he removed to Sydenham, in Kent, near London, where he has ever since resided, devoting himself to literature, and the calm pleasures of domestic life.

He has been enabled to indulge his love of study and retirement more comfortably by the bounty of his sovereign, who some few years since presented him with an annuity of 200*l*. This distinguished mark of royal favour, so gratifying to the pride of the poet, and the loyal affections of the subject, was wholly spontaneous and unconditional. It was neither granted to the importunities of friends at court, nor given as a *douceur* to secure the services of the author's pen, but merely as a testimony of royal approbation of his popular poem, the *Pleasures of Hope*. Mr. Campbell, both before and since, has uniformly been independent in his opinions and writings.

Though withdrawn from the busy world in his retirement at Sydenham, yet the genius of Mr. Campbell, like a true brilliant, occasionally flashed upon the public eye, in a number of exquisite little poems, which appeared in the periodical works of the day. Many of these he has never thought proper to rescue

from their perishable repositories. But of those which he has formally acknowledged and republished, *Hohenlinden*, *Lochiel*, the *Mariners of England*, and the *Battle of the Baltic*, are sufficient of themselves, were other evidence wanting, to establish his title to the sacred name of Poet. The two last-mentioned poems we consider as two of the noblest national songs we have ever seen. They contain sublime imagery and lofty sentiments, delivered with a "gallant swelling spirit," but totally free from that hyperbole and national rhodomontade which generally disgrace this species of poetry. In the beginning of 1809, he published his second volume of poems, containing *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and several smaller effusions; since which time he has produced nothing of consequence, excepting the uncommonly spirited and affecting little tale of "*O'Connor's Child, or Love lies bleeding.*"

Of those private and characteristic anecdotes which display most strikingly the habits and peculiarities of a writer, we have scarcely any to furnish respecting Mr. Campbell. He is generally represented to us as being extremely studious, but at the same time social in his disposition, gentle and endearing in his manners, and extremely prepossessing in his appearance and address. With a delicate and even nervous sensibility, and a degree of self-diffidence that at times is almost painful, he shrinks from the glare of notoriety which his own works have shed around him, and seems ever deprecating criticism, rather than enjoying praise. Though his society is courted by the most polished and enlightened, among whom he is calculated to shine, yet his chief delight is in domestic life, in the practice of those gentle virtues and bland affections which he has so touchingly and eloquently illustrated in various passages of his poems.

That Mr. Campbell has by any means attained to the summit of his fame, we cannot suffer ourselves for a moment to believe. We rather look upon the works he has already produced as specimens of pure and virgin gold from a mine whose treasures are yet to be explored. It is true, the very reputation Mr. Campbell has acquired, may operate as a disadvantage to his future efforts. Public expectation is a pitiless taskmaster, and exorbitant in its demands. He who has once awakened it, must go on in a progressive ratio, surpassing what he has hitherto done, or the public will be

disappointed. Under such circumstances an author of common sensibility takes up his pen with fear and trembling. A consciousness that much is expected from him deprives him of that ease of mind and boldness of imagination, which are necessary to fine writing, and he too often fails from a too great anxiety to excel. He is like some youthful soldier, who, having distinguished himself by a gallant and brilliant achievement, is ever afterward fearful of entering on a new enterprise, lest he should tarnish the laurels he has won.

We are satisfied that Mr. Campbell feels this very diffidence and solicitude from the uncommon pains he bestows upon his writings. These are scrupulously revised, modelled, and retouched over and over, before they are suffered to go out of his hands, and even then, are slowly and reluctantly yielded up to the press. This elaborate care may, at times, be carried to an excess, so as to produce fastidiousness of style, and an air of too much art and labour. It occasionally imparts to the muse the precise demeanour and studied attire of the prude, rather than the negligent and bewitching graces of the woodland nymph. A too minute attention to finishing is likewise injurious to the force and sublimity of a poem. The vivid images which are struck off, at a single heat, in those glowing moments of inspiration, "when the soul is lifted to heaven," are too often softened down, and cautiously tamed, in the cold hour of correction. As an instance of the critical severity which Mr. Campbell exercises over his productions, we will mention a fact within our knowledge, concerning his *Battle of the Baltic*. This ode, as published, consists but of five stanzas; these were all that his scrupulous taste permitted him to cull out of a large number, which we have seen in manuscript. The rest, though full of poetic fire and imagery, were timidly consigned by him to oblivion.

But though this scrupulous spirit of revision may chance to refine away some of the bold touches of his pencil, and to injure some of its negligent graces, it is not without its eminent advantages. While it tends to produce a terseness of language, and a remarkable delicacy and sweetness of versification, it enables him likewise to impart to his productions a vigorous conciseness of style, a graphical correctness of imagery, and a philosophical condensation of idea, rarely found in the popular poets of the day.

Facility of writing seems to be the bane of many modern poets ; who too generally indulge in a ready and abundant versification, which, like a flowering vine, overruns their subject, and expands through many a weedy page. In fact, most of them seem to have mistaken carelessness for ease, and redundancy for luxuriance : they never take pains to condense and invigorate. Hence we have those profuse and loosely-written poems, wherein the writers, either too feeble or too careless to seize at once upon their subject, prefer giving it a chase, and hunt it through a labyrinth of verses, until it is fairly run down and overpowered by a multitude of words.

Great, therefore, as are the intrinsic merits of Mr. Campbell, we are led to estimate them the more highly when we consider them as beaming forth, like the pure lights of heaven, among the meteor exhalations and false fires with which our literary atmosphere abounds. In an age when we are overwhelmed by an abundance of eccentric poetry, and when we are confounded by a host of ingenious poets of vitiated tastes and frantic fancies, it is really cheering and consolatory to behold a writer of Mr. Campbell's genius, studiously attentive to please, according to the established laws of criticism, as all our good old orthodox writers have pleased before ; without setting up a standard, and endeavouring to establish a new sect, and inculcate some new and lawless doctrine of his own.

Before concluding this sketch, we cannot help pointing to one circumstance, which we confess has awakened a feeling of good will toward Mr. Campbell ; though in mentioning it we shall do little more, perhaps, than betray our own national egotism. He is, we believe, the only British poet of eminence that has laid the story of a considerable poem, in the bosom of our country. We allude to his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, which describes the pastoral simplicity and innocence, and the subsequent woes of one of our little patriarchal hamlets, during the troubles of our revolution.

We have so long been accustomed to experience little else than contumely, misrepresentation, and very witless ridicule, from the British press ; and we have had such repeated proofs of the extreme ignorance and absurd errors that prevail in Great Britain respecting our country and its inhabitants, that, we confess,

we were both surprised and gratified to meet with a poet, sufficiently unprejudiced to conceive an idea of moral excellence and natural beauty on this side of the Atlantic. Indeed, even this simple show of liberality has drawn on the poet the censures of many narrow-minded writers, with whom liberality to this country is a crime. We are sorry to see such pitiful manifestations of hostility toward us. Indeed, we must say, that we consider the constant acrimony and traduction indulged in by the British press toward this country, to be as opposite to the interest, as it is derogatory to the candour and magnanimity of the nation. It is operating to widen the difference between two nations, which, if left to the impulse of their own feelings, would naturally grow together, and among the sad changes of this disastrous world, be mutual supports and comforts to each other.

Whatever may be the occasional collisions of etiquette and interest which will inevitably take place between two great commercial nations, whose property and people are spread far and wide on the face of the ocean; whatever may be the clamorous expressions of hostility vented at such times by our unreflecting populace, or rather uttered in their name by a host of hireling scribblers, who pretend to speak the sentiments of the people; it is certain, that the well-educated and well-informed class of our citizens entertain a deep-rooted good will, and a rational esteem, for Great Britain. It is almost impossible it should be otherwise. Independent of those hereditary affections, which spring up spontaneously for the nation from whence we have descended, the single circumstance of imbibing our ideas from the same authors has a powerful effect in causing an attachment.

The writers of Great Britain are the adopted citizens of our country, and, though they have no legislative voice, exercise an authority over our opinions and affections, cherished by long habit and matured by affection. In these works we have British valour, British magnanimity, British might, and British wisdom, continually before our eyes, portrayed in the most captivating colours; and are thus brought up in constant contemplation of all that is amiable and illustrious in the British character. To these works, likewise, we resort, in every varying mood of mind, or vicissitude of fortune. They are our delight in the hour

of relaxation; the solemn monitors and instructors of our closet; our comforters in the gloomy seclusions of life-loathing despondency. In the season of early life, in the strength of manhood, and still in the weakness and apathy of age, it is to them we are indebted for our hours of refined and unalloyed enjoyment. When we turn our eyes to England, therefore, from whence this bounteous tide of literature pours in upon us, it is with such feelings as the Egyptian experiences, when he looks toward the sacred source of that stream, which, rising in a far distant country, flows down upon his own barren soil, diffusing riches, beauty, and fertility.*

Surely it cannot be the interest of Great Britain to trifle with such feelings. Surely the good will, thus cherished among the best hearts of a country, rapidly increasing in power and importance, is of too much consequence to be scornfully neglected or surlily dashed away. It most certainly, therefore, would be both politic and honourable, for those enlightened British writers, who sway the sceptre of criticism, to expose these constant misrepresentations, and discountenance these galling and unworthy insults of the pen, whose effect is to mislead and to irritate, without serving one valuable purpose. They engender gross prejudices in Great Britain, inimical to a proper national understanding, while with us they wither all those feelings of kindness and consanguinity, that were shooting forth, like so many tendrils, to attach to us our parent country.

While, therefore, we regard the poem of Mr. Campbell with complacency, as evincing an opposite spirit to this, of which we have just complained, there are other reasons, likewise, which in-

* Since this biographical notice was first published, the political relations between the two countries have been changed by a war with Great Britain. The above observations, therefore, may not be palatable to those who are eager for the hostility of the pen as well as the sword. The author, indeed, was for some time in doubt whether to expunge them, as he could not prevail on himself to accommodate them to the embittered temper of the times. He determined, however, to let them remain. However the feelings he has expressed may be outraged or prostrated by the violence of warfare, they never can be totally eradicated. Besides, it should be the exalted ministry of literature to keep together the family of human nature; to calm with her "soul-subduing voice" the furious passions of warfare, and thus to bind up those ligaments which the sword would cleave asunder. The author may be remiss in the active exercise of this duty, but he will never have to reproach himself, that he has attempted to poison, with political virulence, the pure fountains of elegant literature.

terest us in its favour. Among the lesser evils, incident to the infant state of our country, we have to lament its almost total deficiency in those local associations produced by history and moral fiction. These may appear trivial to the common mass of readers; but the mind of taste and sensibility will at once acknowledge them as constituting a great source of national pride and love of country. There is an inexpressible charm imparted to every place that has been celebrated by the historian, or immortalized by the poet; a charm that dignifies it in the eyes of the stranger, and endears it to the heart of the native. Of this romantic attraction we are almost entirely destitute. While every insignificant hill and turbid stream in classic Europe has been hallowed by the visitations of the Muse, and contemplated with fond enthusiasm; our lofty mountains and stupendous cataracts awaken no poetical associations, and our majestic rivers roll their waters unheeded, because unsung.

Thus circumstanced, the sweet strains of Mr. Campbell's muse break upon us as gladly as would the pastoral pipe of the shepherd, amid the savage solitude of one of our trackless wildernesses. We are delighted to witness the air of captivating romance and rural beauty our native fields and wild woods can assume under the plastic pencil of a master; and while wandering with the poet among the shady groves of Wyoming, or along the banks of the Susquehanna, almost fancy ourselves transported to the side of some classic stream, in the "hollow breast of Appennine." This may assist to convince many, who were before slow to believe, that our own country is capable of inspiring the highest poetic feelings, and furnishing abundance of poetic imagery, though destitute of the hackneyed materials of poetry; though its groves are not vocal with the song of the nightingale; though no Naiads have ever sported in its streams, nor Satyrs and Dryads gamboled among its forests. Wherever nature—sweet nature—displays herself in simple beauty or wild magnificence, and wherever the human mind appears in new and striking situations, neither the poet nor the philosopher can ever want subjects worthy of his genius.

Having made such particular mention of Gertrude of Wyoming, we will barely add one or two circumstances connected with it,

strongly illustrative of the character of the literary author. The story of the poem, though extremely simple, is not sufficiently developed ; some of the facts, particularly in the first part, are rapidly passed over, and left rather obscure ; from which many have inconsiderately pronounced the whole a hasty sketch, without perceiving the elaborate delicacy with which the parts are finished. This defect is to be attributed entirely to the self-diffidence of Mr. Campbell. It is his misfortune that he is too distrustful of himself ; and too ready to listen to the opinions of inferior minds, rather than boldly to follow the dictates of his own pure taste and the impulses of his exalted imagination, which, if left to themselves, would never falter or go wrong. Thus we are told, that when his *Gertrude* first came from under his pen, it was full and complete ; but in an evil hour he read it to some of his critical friends. Every one knows that when a man's critical judgment is consulted, he feels himself in credit bound to find fault. Various parts of the poem were of course objected to, and various alterations recommended.

With a fatal diffidence, which, while we admire we cannot but lament, Mr. Campbell struck out those parts entirely ; and obliterated, in a moment, the fruit of hours of inspiration and days of labour. But when he attempted to bind together and new model the elegant, but mangled, limbs of this virgin poem, his shy imagination revolted from the task. The glow of feeling was chilled, the creative powers of invention were exhausted ; the parts, therefore, were slightly and imperfectly thrown together, with a spiritless pen, and hence arose that apparent want of development which occurs in some parts of the story.

Indeed, we do not think the unobtrusive, and, if we may be allowed the word, occult merits of this poem are calculated to strike popular attention, during the present passion for dashing verse and extravagant incident. It is mortifying to an author to observe, that those accomplishments which it has cost him the greatest pains to acquire, and which he regards with a proud eye, as the exquisite proofs of his skill, are totally lost upon the generality of readers ; who are commonly captivated by those glaring qualities to which he attaches but little value. Most people are judges of exhibitions of force and activity of body, but it

requires a certain refinement of taste and a practised eye, to estimate that gracefulness which is the achievement of labour, and consummation of art. So, in writing, whatever is bold, glowing, and garish, strikes the attention of the most careless, and is generally felt and acknowledged; but comparatively few can appreciate that modest delineation of nature, that tenderness of sentiment, propriety of language, and gracefulness of composition, that bespeak the polished and accomplished writer. Such, however, as possess this delicacy of taste and feeling, will often return to dwell, with cherishing fondness, on the *Gertrude* of Mr. Campbell. Like all his other writings, it presents virtue in its most touching and captivating forms: whether gently exercised in the "bosom scenes of life," or sublimely exerted in its extraordinary and turbulent situations. No writer can surpass Mr. C. in the vestal purity and amiable morality of his muse. While he possesses the power of firing the imagination, and filling it with sublime and awful images, he excels also in those eloquent appeals to the feelings, and those elevated flights of thought, by which, while the fancy is exalted, the heart is made better.

It is now some time since he has produced any poem. Of late he has been employed in preparing a work for the press, containing critical and biographical notices of British poets from the reign of Edward III. to the present time. However much we may be gratified by such a work, from so competent a judge, still we cannot but regret that he should stoop from the brilliant track of poetic invention, in which he is so well calculated to soar, and descend into the lower regions of literature to mingle with droning critics and mousing commentators. His task should be to produce poetry, not to criticise it; for, in our minds, he does more for his own fame, and for the interests of literature, who furnishes one fine verse, than he who points out a thousand beauties, or detects a thousand faults.

We hope, therefore, soon to behold Mr. Campbell emerging from those dusty labours, and breaking forth in the full lustre of original genius. He owes it to his own reputation; he owes it to his own talents; he owes it to the literature of his country. Poetry has generally flowed in an abundant stream in Great Britain; but it is too apt to stray among rocks and weeds, to expand

into brawling shallows, or waste itself in turbid and ungovernable torrents. We have, however, marked a narrow, but pure and steady, channel, continuing down from the earliest ages, through a line of real poets, who seem to have been sent from heaven to keep the vagrant stream from running at utter waste and random. Of this chosen number we consider Mr. Campbell; and we are happy at having this opportunity of rendering our feeble tribute of applause to a writer whom we consider an ornament to the age, an honour to his country, and one whom his country "should delight to honour."

Notice of Susanna Wright.

"It is frequently objected to relations of particular lives, that they are not distinguished by any striking or wonderful vicissitudes. The scholar, who passed his life among his books; the merchant, who conducted only his own affairs; the priest, whose sphere of action was not extended beyond that of his duty, are considered as no proper objects of public regard, however they might have excelled in their several stations, whatever might have been their learning, integrity, and piety. But this notion arises from false measures of excellence and dignity, and must be eradicated by considering, that in the esteem of uncorrupted reason, what is of most use is of most value."

DR. JOHNSON.

As it has always appeared to me a duty which the living owe to each other, as well as to the dead, to rescue merit from descending into immediate oblivion, I have endeavoured to trace the following notices of a lady, who, though she was well known, and generally esteemed, by the most eminent characters in the state of Pennsylvania whilst she lived, yet nothing, I believe, respecting her has ever yet appeared in print. What I now mean to offer is from recollection alone; but my opportunities for information were such as to enable me to give those recollections with certainty.

Susanna Wright was the daughter of John Wright, Esq. a very intelligent and upright man, and one of the first settlers in Lancaster county; she came over with her parents from Warrington, in Great Britain, in 1714, being then about seventeen. She

had received a good education, and having an excellent understanding, she assiduously cultivated her fine talents, notwithstanding the disadvantages of her situation. Her parents first settled at Chester, but a short time afterwards removed to the banks of the Susquehannah, then a most remote frontier settlement, in the midst of Indians, subject to all the inconveniences, labours, privations, and dangers of an infant establishment; here she exerted herself continually for the good of her family and the benefit of her neighbours; nor did she ever quit this retirement for the more improved society of Philadelphia but twice, when the danger of their situation from an Indian war rendered this removal necessary for their safety. She never married; but after the death of her father became the head of her own family, who looked up to her for advice and direction as to a parent; for her heart was replete with every kind affection, and with all the social virtues. She was well acquainted with books, had an excellent memory, as well as a most clear and comprehensive judgment; she spoke and wrote the French language with great ease and fluency; she had also a knowledge of Latin, and of Italian, and had made considerable attainments in many of the sciences. Her letters, written to her friends, were deservedly esteemed for their ingenuity. She corresponded with James Logan, Isaac Norris, and many other celebrated characters of that period; and so great was the esteem in which she was held by her neighbours, for integrity and judgment, that disputes of considerable interest were frequently left to her sole arbitration by the parties concerned. Her advice was often desired on occasions of importance respecting the settlement of estates, and she was often resorted to as a physician by her neighbourhood. The care and management of a large family, and of a profitable establishment, frequently devolved entirely upon her; and she appeared to be so constantly occupied with the employments usual to her sex and station, that it was surprising how she found time for that acquaintance with polite literature which her conversation displayed, when she met with persons capable of appreciating it.

She took great delight in domestic manufacture, and had constantly much of it produced in her family. For many years she attended to the rearing of silk worms, and with the silk which she

reeled and prepared herself, made many articles both of beauty and utility, dying the silk of various colours with indigenous materials ; she had at one time upwards of sixty yards of excellent mantua returned to her from Great Britain, where she had sent the raw silk to be manufactured. She sometimes amused herself with her pencil, and with little works of fancy ; but it was in the productions of her pen that she most excelled : they were deservedly admired whilst she lived, and would abundantly satisfy the world of her merit could they now be produced ; but as she wrote not for fame she never kept copies, and it is to be feared but little is at this time recoverable. Her character appears to have been without vanity, and above affectation.

I had the pleasure, when very young, of seeing her, and can remember something of the vivacity and spirit of her conversation, which I have since heard some of the best judges of such merit affirm they had seldom known to be equalled.

She lived to be upwards of eighty, preserving her senses and faculties. She had been educated, in the religious society of Friends, and often in her latter years professed, that she saw the vanity of all attainments that had not for their object the glory of God and the good of mankind. She died a most humble, pious, sincere christian.

In her person she was small, and had never been handsome, but had a penetrating, sensible countenance, and was truly polite and courteous in her address and behaviour. Her brother, James Wright, was for many years a representative for Lancaster county in the assembly of Pennsylvania, and was deservedly esteemed by his fellow citizens. His descendants still possess the estate where their ancestors settled, upon which they have recently founded the flourishing town of Columbia. L.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES, &c.

Singular Prediction.

[From the Lady's Monthly Museum.]

[THE following very curious note (prophetical of the revolution in France, its progress and results) was found among the papers of LA HARPE, a French writer of much celebrity, who died in the year 1803, after having, in the most solemn manner, renounced the errors of a false philosophy, and nobly avowed his entire acquiescence in the sublime truths of christianity, of which he became one of the most enlightened defenders :]

It appears to me as if it were but yesterday, and it was nevertheless in the beginning of the year 1788 : we were at the table of a brother academician, who was of the highest rank, and a man of talents. The company was numerous, and of all kinds ; courtiers, advocates, literary men, academicians, &c. We had been, as usual, luxuriously entertained ; and at the desert, the wines of Malvoisie and the Cape added to the natural gayety of good company that kind of social freedom which sometimes stretches beyond the rigid decorum of it. In short, we were in a state to allow of any thing that could produce mirth. Chamfort had been reading some of his impious tales ; a deluge of pleasantries on religion succeeded ; one gave a quotation from the Pucelle d'Orleans ; another recollected and applauded the philosophical distich of Diderot,

Et des boyaux du dernier prêtre
Serrez le cou du dernier Roi.

The conversation afterwards took a more serious turn, and the most ardent admiration was expressed of the revolution which Voltaire had produced ; and they all agreed, that it formed the brightest ray of his glory. "He has given the *ton* to his age, and has contrived to be read in the chamber as well as in the drawing-room."

It was, at length, concluded, that the revolution would soon be consummated, and that it was absolutely necessary for superstition and fanaticism to give place to philosophy. The probability of this epoch was then calculated, and which of the company pre-

sent would live to see the *reign of reason*. The elder part of them lamented that they could not flatter themselves with the hope of enjoying in the expectation that they should witness it. The academy was felicitated for having prepared the grand works; and being, at the same time, the strong hold, the centre, and the moving principle of *freedom of thought*.

There was only one of the guests who had not shared in the delight of this conversation; he had even ventured, in a quiet way, to start a few pleasantries on our noble enthusiasm: it was Cazotte, the author of the poem d'Olivier, and other works, an amiable man, of an original turn of mind, but unfortunately infatuated with the reveries of the *illuminati*. He renewed the conversation in a very serious tone, and in the following manner: "Gentlemen," said he, "be satisfied you will see this grand and sublime revolution. You know that I am something of a prophet; and I repeat, that you will all see it." He was answered by the common expression, "*It is not necessary to be a great conjurer to foretel that.*" "Agreed; but perhaps it may be necessary to be something more respecting what I am now going to tell you: Have you any idea of what will result from this *revolution*? What will happen to yourselves, to every one of you now present? What will be the immediate progress of it, with its certain effects and consequences?" "Oh!" said Condorcet, with his silly and saturnine laugh, "let us know all about it; a philosopher can have no objection to meet a prophet." "You, M. Condorcet, will expire on the pavement of a dungeon, you will die of the poison which you will have taken to escape from the hands of the executioner; of poison, which the happy state of that period will render it absolutely necessary that you should carry about you."*

At first there appeared a considerable degree of astonishment; but it was soon recollected that Cazotte was in the habit of dreaming while he was awake, and the laugh was as loud as ever. "M. Cazotte, the tale which you have just told is not so pleasant as your *Diable Amoureux*; but what devil has put this dungeon, this poison, and these hangmen in your head? What can these things have in common with *philosophy and the reign of reason*?" "That is precisely what I am telling you. It will be in the name of philosophy, of humanity, and of liberty; it will be under the reign of reason, that what I have foretold will happen to you. It will then, indeed, be the reign of reason; for she will then have temples erected to her honour. Nay, throughout France there will be no other places of public worship but the temples of rea-

* M. Condorcet died by poison March 28th, 1794.

son." "In faith," said Chamfort, with one of his sarcastic smiles, "you will not be an officiating priest at many of these temples." "I hope not; for you, M. Chamfort, you will cut yourself across the veins with a razor, and will, nevertheless, survive the attempt many months." They all looked at him, and continued to laugh. "You, M. Vicq d'Azyr; you will not open your veins yourself; but you will order them to be opened six times in one day during a paroxysm of the gout, in order that you may not fail in your purpose; and you will die during the night. As for you, M. De Nicolai, you will die on the scaffold; and so, M. Bailly,* will you; and so will M. Malesherbes."† "Oh heavens!" said Roucher, "it appears that his vengeance is levelled solely against the academy; he has just made a most horrible execution of the whole of it. Now tell me my fate, in the name of mercy." "You will die also upon the scaffold." "Oh!" it was universally exclaimed, "he has sworn to exterminate the whole of us." "No; it is not I who have sworn it." Are we then to be subjugated by Turks and Tartars?" "By no means; I have already told you, that you will then be governed by Reason and Philosophy alone. Those who will treat you as I have described, will all of them be philosophers; will be continually uttering the same phrases that you have been repeating for the last hour; will deliver all your maxims, and will quote you as you have done Diderot and Pucelle." "Oh," it was whispered, "the man is out of his senses;" for during the whole of the conversation his features never underwent the least change. "Oh no," said another, "you must perceive that he is laughing at us; for he always blends the marvellous with his pleasantries." "Yes," answered Chamfort, "the marvellous with him is never enlivened with gayety. But when will all this happen?" "Six years will not have passed away before all which I have told you shall be accomplished."

"Here, indeed, is plenty of miracles," (it was myself, says M. de la Harpe, who now spoke,) "and you set me down for nothing." "You will yourself be a miracle as extraordinary as any which I have told; you will then be a Christian."

Loud exclamations immediately followed. "Ah!" replied Chamfort, "all my fears are removed; for if we are not doomed to perish till La Harpe becomes a Christian, we shall be immortal."

"As for us women," said the Dutchess de Grammont, "it is very fortunate that we are considered as nothing in these revolutions; not that we are totally discharged from all concern in them; but it is understood that in such cases we are to be left to ourselves. Our sex——" "Your sex, ladies, will be no guarantee to you in

* Guillotined Nov. 12th, 1793.

† Guillotined April 22d, 1793.

those times ; it will make no difference whatever, whether you interfere or not ; you will be treated precisely as the men—no distinction will be made between you.” “ But what does all this mean, M. Cazotte ? You are surely preaching to us about the end of the world.” “ I know no more of that, my lady Dutchess, than yourself ; but this I know, that you will be conducted to the scaffold, with several other ladies along with you, in the cart of the executioner, and with your hands tied behind you.” “ I hope, sir, that in such a case I shall be allowed, at least, a coach hung with black.” “ No, madam, you will not have that indulgence ; ladies of higher rank than yourself will be drawn in a cart as you will be, with their hands tied as yours will be, and to the same fate as that to which you are destined.” “ Ladies of higher rank than myself ? What, princesses of the blood ?” “ Greater still.”

Here there was a very sensible emotion throughout the company, and the countenance of the master of the mansion wore a very grave and solemn aspect ; it was, indeed, very generally observed, that this pleasantry was carried too far. Madam de Grammont, in order to disperse the cloud that seemed to be approaching, made no reply to this last answer, but contented herself with saying, with an air of gayety, “ *You see, he will not even leave me a confessor.*” “ No, madam, that consolation will be denied to all of you. The last person led to the scaffold who will be allowed a confessor, as the greatest of favours, will be——.”

Here he paused for a moment ; “ and who then is the happy mortal who will be allowed to enjoy this prerogative ?” “ It is the only one which will be left to him ; it will be—the king of France.”

The master of the house now rose in haste, and his company were all actuated by the same impulse. He then advanced to M. Cazotte, and said to him, in an affecting and impressive tone, “ My dear M. Cazotte, we have had enough of these melancholy conceits ; you carry it too far, even at the risk of the company with whom you are, and yourself along with them.” Cazotte made no answer, and was preparing to retire, when Madam de Grammont, who wished, if possible, to do away all serious impressions, and to restore some kind of gayety among them, advanced toward him ; and said, “ My good prophet, you have been so kind as to tell us all our fortunes, but you have not mentioned any thing respecting your own.” After a few minutes of silence, with his eyes fixed on the ground, “ Madam,” he replied, “ have you ever read the siege of Jerusalem, as related by Josephus ?” “ To be sure I have, and who has not ? But you may suppose, if you please, that I know nothing about it.” “ Then, you must know, madam, that during the siege of Jerusalem, a man seven successive days went round the ramparts of that city, in

the sight of the besiegers and besieged, crying incessantly, in a loud and inauspicious voice, *Wo to Jerusalem!* and on the seventh day he cried, *Wo to Jerusalem and to myself!* At that moment an enormous stone, thrown by the machine of the enemy, dashed him to pieces.*

M. Cazotte then made his bow, and retired.

* M. Cazotte was guillotined Sept. 25th, 1792; exactly four years and a half after his prophecy of his death.

Another Zerah Colburn.

A rival to Zerah Colburn has started in the person of George Bidder, a native of Moretonhamstead, now aged seven years and eleven months. He is advertised as possessing the extraordinary faculty of solving the most difficult questions, as to figures, by the mere operation of the mind, and the learned and curious are invited to visit him at Guildhall, Plymouth. He is thus described :

This is a most extraordinary boy ; he has had no education, and does not know how to make a figure. His talent was not discovered till last winter, in a blacksmith's shop. A man had killed a pig, and was curious to know exactly its value, at a given rate per pound. The boy, soon after, mentioned what it would come to. He was treated as a meddling child, and asked, with anger, how he could know any thing about it ? " Why," said the boy in reply, " there are so many ounces in the weight of the pig, and it is worth just so many farthings !" Among other questions which have been put to him, are the following : " I have walked two miles this morning, in order to see you ; how many inches have I walked ?" He gave a true answer instantly. " I am fifty-six years old ; how many minutes have I lived ?" His answer, given instantly, was right. " How many farthings are there in two hundred guineas, fourteen shillings, and four pence three farthings ?" In less than half a minute he gave the true amount. Various questions, in all sorts of calculations, have been put to him, and he has been detected in a mistake only once. The boy has quite a childish and even stupid appearance, and is always playing with a nut, or a piece of wood, or a person's watch-chain, and does not seem to pay any attention to what he is about.

POETRY.

For the Analectic Magazine.

HERO AND LEANDER:

THE feast is o'er, the virgin train
Has left Diana's sacred fane;
No more is seen th' adoring throng,
No longer heard the choral song;
The blaze of day has spread afar,
Now softly beams the western star,
And bright the snowy portals blush,
Reflecting evening's purple flush.
On her ivory couch reclin'd,
Her every thought to love resign'd,
Hero's wearied limbs repose,
While fast the evening curtains close.

Beside her lay, of Argive line,
A dog, Diana's gift divine;
His auburn spots and flake white, show
Like autumn's leaves on drifted snow.

Above her floats, in many a fold,
An azure mantle starr'd with gold;
O'er her fair proportion'd form,
Of power the coldest heart to warm,
Waves a robe of softest green,
Emblem of the sylvan queen.

One arm against her cheek reclines—
So by the rose the lily shines—
And one, beside her emerald vest,
Seems wreath of snow on billow's breast.

O'er her bosom's heaving pride,
Soft as moonlight on the tide,
Flows a veil, of snowy hue,
That hides, yet gives each orb to view;
And parting, shows her lucid neck
Like Parian stone, without a speck.

And though her eyes, of heavenly blue,
Like jacinth wet with morning dew,

Now, closed in sleep, no longer dart
The light of love to melt the heart,
Or flash with passion's bickering flame,
Or shine with memory's milder beam;
Yet o'er her bright expressive face,
Breathes a serene and heavenly grace,
That like a watchful spirit tells,
An angel in this temple dwells.

So when the Sun, Creation's eye,
In glory leaves our western sky,
A softened light new charms reveals,
And o'er the magic landscape steals.

Triumphant o'er the Paphian boy,
Cause of the fall of heaven-built Troy,
The God of sleep now silent reigns,
And binds with flowers his golden chains;
For still he gives each blissful dream,
That lovers view by haunted stream,
And still in swift succession, roll
Visions of rapture o'er her soul.

Now on the beach Leander stands,
And lifts to heaven his suppliant hands:
"For thee the stormy deep I brave,
Waft me, O love! across the wave."
Instant he cuts the surging tide,
The billows flash on either side,
Swift through the foam he oars his way,
And casts behind the sparkling spray.
Now o'er the deep, and round the sky,
Night hangs her ebony tapestry—
No lingering flush of western light
Skirts the darkening robe of night;
No dewy star of eve appears,
Like Beauty's eye through Pity's tears;
No moon lights up the blacken'd ocean,
Heaving with the wild wind's motion;
No watch fire gleams, a guiding star,
From vessel or from tower afar;
Nor "half uncurtain'd window's light"
Streams cheerful through the gloom of night
Love hears his dauntless vot'ry's prayer;
Love sees the sleep-entranced fair;
Instant, on lightning wings, he flies,
Like flashing meteor, down the skies;

A moment wafts him to that isle
 Where Love and Beauty ever smile ;
 There in the Paphian porch was plac'd,
 With radiant gems and sculpture grac'd,
 A golden lamp, whose rosy flame
 Glow'd like the burning blush of shame :
 Eternal lives the sacred light,
 In storms, in calm, by day, by night ;
 Graceful in vernal breezes waving,
 And winter's howling tempest braving.

This prize he bears with rapid flight,
 Till high Abydos meets his sight,
 Where ever restless billows roar,
 And dash and foam on either shore.

Swift by the slumbering maid he stood,
 An angel form presaging good ;
 And mid her faithless dreams of joy,
 Burst on her sight the monarch boy.
 One hand his mantle round him folds,
 A golden lamp the other holds ;
 Its weight three polish'd chains suspend,
 And in a ring of silver end.

Graceful wave his golden curls,
 His azure scarf the breeze unfurls
 From limbs as morning blushes bright ;
 Around him streams a rosy light,
 And tints his wings of snowy hue,
 And mantle of meridian blue.

A rose bud glows on either cheek,
 His eyes the God of Love bespeak,
 Piercing as the lightning's gleam,
 Yet pure as Vesper's lucid beam.
 " Arise, devoted maid," he cries,
 " A moment—and Leander dies ;
 But trust my counsel, and he lives,
 'Tis love that calls, 'tis Cupid gives ;
 Asunder burst the bands of sleep—
 Fly, fly, to yonder towering steep,
 This friendly beacon there display,
 And light Leander's gloomy way."

She heard—she snatch'd the proffer'd gift—
 Instant she mounts the watch-tower clift,
 Naught can she see but drifting clouds,
 Like routed hosts, or flying crowds ;

Naught hears she but the awful dirge
Of wailing winds and groaning surge.
Leander sees, with wild delight,
This love-created star of night ;
Hope lights anew his fading fires,
And every limb with life inspires.
White streaks divide the ocean's gloom,
Like snow upon the raven's plume ;
The billows swell and rage in vain,
Cleft by a Lover's arm in twain—
A moment—and he treads the sands ;
Another—on the steep he stands :
And then what countless moments see
The lovers clasped in extacy !

ZERBINO.

Charleston, S. C. 1815.

DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A neatly-printed volume of *Poetical and Moral Pieces*, by Lydia Huntley, a young lady of Connecticut, has just made its appearance from the press of Sheldon and Goodwin, Hartford.

These little productions, though perhaps not calculated to attract great attention, are nevertheless very pretty specimens of the good sense, ingenuity, and taste of the author, and are capable of imparting both entertainment and instruction; especially to youth. The pieces in verse are, in general, smooth and melodious; and the style of the prose is distinguished for its peculiar neatness, not to say, elegant simplicity. "The destruction of the Inquisition at Goa," "Malta," and "The giving the Bible to the Esquimaux," contain many lines of very good poetry, and some that are entitled to still higher praise.

The prose compositions, consisting chiefly of addresses to youth on education and morals, and of meditations on worldly vanity, do great credit, not only to the pen, but to the heart and understanding of the author. The meditation on the 119th Psalm, "the end of all perfection," ought particularly to be mentioned as possessing great beauty and simplicity, both of thought and language. With a heart full of tenderness, benevolence, and friendship, and a mind purified and warmed by religion, her effusions all appear to be tinged with these virtues; and though not perhaps aspiring to gain a wreath of lasting renown, yet we think she has succeeded in weaving for herself

"A garland of domestic flowers,"

that will win affection, though it may not command applause.

The Digest of the Law of Maritime Captures and Prizes, by Henry Wheaton, Esq. announced for publication in our December number, will be immediately put to press by Messrs. McDermut & Arden, of New-York. The publication has been delayed in order to embrace all the decisions which have taken place during the war just terminated, upon questions of prizes in the courts of the United States. It is conceived that this will enhance the value of the work, whilst the intervention of peace will not materially diminish its utility, since the principles of public law which are developed in it are of permanent importance, and will serve to illustrate various questions of municipal law, in which the merchant, as well as lawyer, is deeply interested; and, at the same time, to fix with accuracy the relative rights of war and of neutrality—a difficult and doubtful subject, on which the talents of statesmen have been long exercised.

Lately published in Boston, "*A Concise View of the principal Point of Difference between the Baptists and Pedobaptists*," by the late Rev. Caleb Blood, of Portland, to which is prefixed a memoir of his life.

Horatio G. Spafford, of Albany, has lately published a pamphlet entitled, "*Cursory Observations on the Construction of Wheel Car-*

riages, with an Attempt to point out their Defects, and to show how they may be Improved." This little tract is designed to suggest a mode of combining the acknowledged advantages of high carriage wheels with the security of those commonly used, and at the same time to obviate the inconveniences arising from too high a line of draught. This Mr. S. proposes to do by using high wheels (seven feet) with a crooked or cranked axle, on which the load may rest, below the direct line of the axes of the wheel.

Miss Thompson, of Albany, has translated "*The History of Tekeli*," from the French of Le Brun. It will shortly be published in one vol. 12mo. of about 200 pages.

In the press, "*A Cursory View of the Peace lately concluded between Great Britain and the United States*," by a citizen of Philadelphia, in which will be examined the manner this event will operate on the commerce of America; in what manner it is likely to produce benefits or evils to merchants, manufacturers, agriculturalists, and distillers; how it will affect the tonnage interest, embracing generally the various influence it may have on the destinies of the United States in their future connexions, political and commercial, with the rest of the civilized world.

The Rev. Dr. Romeyn, of New-York, is preparing for the press two volumes of *Sermons*.

The Rev. Thomas Y. How, D. D. of New-York, has ready for publication "*A Vindication of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in reply to some late writings of the Rev. Dr. S. Miller*." It will be published in one royal 12mo. vol. of about 400 pages.

T. & J. Swords, of New-York, have in the press, a volume of *Sermons, on Regeneration and Renovation, in which the Doctrine of the Protestant Episcopal Church on these subjects is explained, vindicated, and enforced*, by J. H. Hobart, D. D. Assistant Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the state of New-York.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A humorous work has been lately published in England, entitled *The School for Good Living; or, A Literary and Historical Essay on the European Kitchen*, beginning with Cadmus, the cook and king, and ending with the union of cookery and chemistry.

In August was published, Part I. of the Dictionary of the English Language; by Samuel Johnson, LL. D.; with numerous corrections, and with the addition of many thousand words, by the Rev. Henry J. Todd, M. A. F. S. A. Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, and Keeper of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Records.

“The attention of the present Editor has been long employed upon this work. His object has been to select from the writings of our best and well-known authors, and of others who have escaped, but highly deserve notice, a mass of useful and impressive words, which prove the wealth of our language, and demand their place in a Dictionary of it : and to correct numerous etymologies, which are found in the Dictionary of Dr. Johnson. Other evidences of his attention will appear in a rectification of some mistaken references, or imperfect citations, which Dr. Johnson has given, and in the production of examples to many words which have wanted even a single instance of illustration, as well as to others which require additional authority. In these labours he has derived assistance from some communications of importance, which have been made to him with liberality, and without solicitation; and which have enabled him, though indeed they are not very numerous, to admit into his volumes emendations and additions, as well by antagonists as by friends of Dr. Johnson; by Mr. Malone, Mr. Horne Tooke, and others: of all which the introduction to this work will give a more explicit account. In these labours, also, it may not here be omitted, the “PLAN” of Dr. Johnson has been followed.

The second volume of M. Blumenbach's work, entitled, *Beitrag sur Naturgeschichte*, &c. or Memoirs of Natural History, occupies 144 pages in 8vo. It contains two very important articles; the first on the *homo sapiens ferus* of Linnæus, the *Wild Man* of Hameln. The author shows, by very ingenious arguments, that the greater part of these wild men, cited by Linnæus, were individuals born deaf and dumb, and absolutely imbeciles. The second memoir is devoted to the investigation of the *human mummies* of Egypt. It is a repetition, with additions of a former discourse, occasioned by the reception of a mummy in perfect preservation, sent to the author by the Duke of Saxe Gotha.

The biennial Exhibition of Works of Art took place in Amsterdam in October last. It included 142 pictures; among the authors of which *thirty-two* were painters of the City of Amsterdam only. Beside these were miniatures, drawings, engravings, &c. Sculpture appears to be in a languishing state.

The last Exhibition of Works of Art took place in Zurich, at the close of last summer. In this collection were remarked a great number of picturesque views in Switzerland, of landscapes and portraits. The landscapes were mostly after nature. The whole number of articles exhibited was about 150. Among the sculptures were only four subjects in marble; but there were several in *terra cotta*. In a separate apartment was exhibited by M. Muller, of Engelberg, a model in relief of the highest mountains of Switzerland. This subject included the southern part of the canton of Zurich, the cantons of Zug, Schwytz, Ury, Unterwalden, and part of the cantons of Lucerne and Berne.